JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXI. 1866

3d EVERY THURSDAY

IT'S A TERRIFIC RACE! by A.G.G.

AND STILL THE SEAS ARE FREE

NO PLAY LIKE WORK By The EDITOR

Going to smash his dreams, Dad?

He goes a bit dreamy sometimes, doesn't he? But the boy's clever enough; you reckon there's something behind those dreams—he'll get on all right. And you're quite ready to scrimp and save to see him through.

How does a lad of his age get on under a Nazi army of occupation? Not too well, they tell us — fair game for any bit of bullying and brutality, if no worse.

Let's be blunt about it. If you're too casual about this war, if you leave everything to "the other man", that's the risk you run.

Money is wanted to remove that risk from our womenfolk and our youngsters.

Your money. You haven't scrimped and saved anything like enough yet—and you've nothing to spend your money on one half as precious as that little fellow's dreams.

* * *

Put every penny you can scrape together into—War Savings!

Issued by the National Savings Committee

We are saving 80% of Packing Material by putting Weetabix in "Battle-dress"

Just as you are urged to save paper, so are we. Therefore, Weetabix will now come to you, just as fresh, just as delicious, just as nourishing as before, but packed in thinner though still protective wrapping. So look out for Weetabix in its new "Battle Dress."

Weetabix

More than a breakfast food

ONE SIZE ONLY 1½D

Weetabix Ltd., Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, Northants.

Every scrap of paper saved helps the War effort

WX.1.

What do I do...

if I want to be a W.A.A.F.?

I volunteer for one of the trades at present open—balloon operator, cook, driver, or radio operator—at the R.A.F. Section of a Combined Recruiting Centre or at a W.A.A.F. Recruiting Sub-Depot. Or I write for details to the Air Ministry Information Bureau (Dept. A), Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Unless I have registered with the 1920/21 classes as a single woman, I know that my application will be considered—whether I have had experience or not.

Cut this out and keep it!

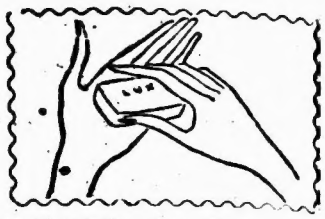
Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

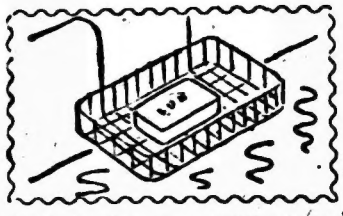
☆

You can make your Lux Toilet Soap last twice as long

1. Don't worry! You can make your Lux Toilet Soap go twice as far. For Lux Toilet Soap has an *active* lather that lasts longer. It doesn't dry up and disappear; so you can do with less.



2. This lather is much more abundant than the lather made by ordinary soaps. Even in hard water, one simple twist of the Lux Toilet Soap tablet gives you enough lather to soap your hands and arms.



3. Remember, it's wasteful to let your soap lie about in the basin or the bath or in a watery dish. It will last longer if you keep it dry. A rubber mat, if you have one, is a good idea, or a wire soap dish will do.

TL 1261A-9

LUX TOILET SOAP

3-OZ. TABLET

(*nett weight when manufactured*)

3½D.

(*purchase tax included*)

FOR ONE COUPON

THE BEAUTY SOAP OF THE FILM STARS

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

When Minors are 'IN' the news gets out!

—*because everyone knows that Minors are*

THE BEST VALUE ON THE MARKET

10 for 6½d.

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

Save fuel

COAL · COKE · ELECTRICITY

GAS · FUEL OIL · PARAFFIN

for the factories

Don't waste a nice hot oven on a single dish. Cook something for cold or for a neighbour. Never keep the kettle on the boil nor let the gas flare up round the sides.

Issued by the Mines Department

RINSO is a No. 1 soap powder

6 oz. packet 3½d.—1 coupon

12 oz. packet 7d.—2 coupons

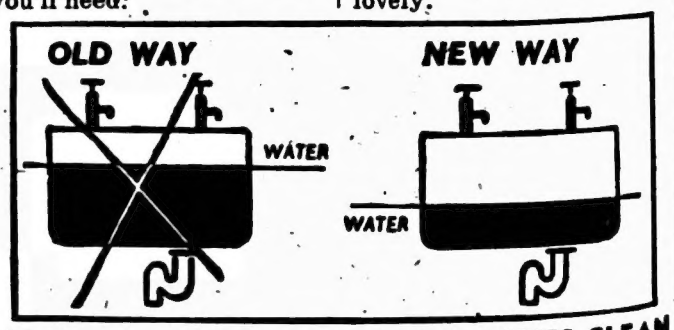
(WEIGHTS SHOWN ARE NETT WHEN MANUFACTURED)

RINSO GOES FURTHER

THE LESS WATER YOU USE!

EVEN though you've got to make do with less Rinso, there's no need for your washing to suffer. Rinso's so efficient that you can wash the clothes in just enough water to cover them, if you keep the things well pressed down. The less water you use, the less Rinso you'll need.

Make a good lather with water straight from the hot tap and let your whites soak in it for 12 minutes. When you take them out, give your coloureds a 12-minute soak *in the same suds*. You will save up to one-third of the Rinso you normally use and your clothes will look lovely.



NO BOILING—RINSO SOAKS CLOTHES CLEAN

B 3142A-836

R. S. Hudson Limited

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, March 21, 1942.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

WHY MEN DIE

● **Mr. Herbert Morrison is angry.**

So angry that he is taking disciplinary action against those responsible for the N.F.S. football blunder.

You remember the facts. A firemen's team travelled 278 miles — from Bolton to Dumfries—on a Fire Service vehicle to play in an inter-regional football team.

That was a wicked waste of petrol. And Mr. Morrison is right to be angry about it.

He should extend the scope of his fury.

Officers are using official cars to go shopping, to travel distances that would take only a few moments on foot, to give themselves "something to do" by running from station to station on pointless calls.

These conditions are not confined to the N.F.S. There is infamous waste of petrol in all the civil services.

Irate Mr. Morrison would do well to survey the whole position—and to remember that brave men and valuable tankers are lost in order to bring to these shores the petrol that official jackanapes squander.

Straight from the Shoulder

SPRING CLEAN

BRITAIN is pulling in its belt with a jerk.

Less food. More rationing. Fewer clothes. More restrictions on road and rail travel.

These will form the basis of that "more austere way of life" which must precede offensive action.

National Tonic

Far from undermining morale, these measures will improve it.

For the public demands offensive action. It wants to change the slogan "We can take it" to "We can give it." It is intent on knocking the Axis right out of this planet.

But there must be a drastic Spring cleaning on our Home Front before we can launch a Spring offensive on the World Front.

Deadwood

The public can and must help.

Smoke less, drink less, spend less. Personal luxuries are the deadwood across the narrow path to victory.

Do as much useful work as possible. Useful part-time jobs are as important as direct war work.

Stop the Slackers

Industry must provide full-time work for every wage-earner.

Muddling managements and fumbling bureaucrats should be sacked. Slackers deserve sharper lessons than the £2 fines imposed on those Leeds operatives who played cards instead of making munitions.

Begin at Home

"We have got to get tough with ourselves before we try to get tough with someone else," says Donald Nelson, the U.S. production chief. "Attack begins at home on the production lines."

That goes for Britain too. And let us add that attack-by-production must be mounted on the railways and roads.

Held Up

At present, production is held up by lack of transport.

This is the report of a shipyard foreman for a single week: Monday, 38 men half-an-hour late; Tuesday, 47 men one hour late, 19 half-an-hour late; Wednesday, 52 men half-an-hour late; Thursday, 70 men 45 minutes late; Friday, 32 men half-an-hour late; Saturday, 55 men half-an-hour late; Sunday, only 25 arrived.

They were delayed by bad transport. All protests have been ighored.

Lost Time

The Army wastes thousands of hours every day on kit inspections—some of which last all morning.

Soldiers who should be "getting tough," N.C.O.s chosen for training as "tough" reconnaissance troops, have to waste time on drills they already know and money on white blanco for their stripes, green for their lanyards.

Make the Army really tough and there'd be less petty grousing among the men!

Paper Chase

The Civil Service has become so top-heavy that it is actually impeding production. It is overwhelming industry by an avalanche of paper.

It must be pruned and purged. The need is for a clearer policy to be laid down by Whitehall and for more latitude allowed to those who have to carry it out.

Closing the Gaps

These are the things that must be done before Britain can claim to be on full war footing. There is now a hope that they will be done.

For the Government shows signs of carrying out the programme so long advocated by JOHN BULL. The War Cabinet is said to be determined to "tighten up" the Home Front.

So there is also hope that the long period of triumph for our enemies will not continue much longer.

Signs of Spring

From the renewed R.A.F. offensive in the West, to the ceaseless flow of American supplies to Australia and New Zealand, preparations are being made for powerful actions in the Spring.

The Russians' dogged winter campaign has delayed the expected Nazi offensive. Had they captured the bastions of Smolensk, Orel and Kharkov, that offensive would never come.

But the bastions are still fiercely held by the enemy. They will make his offensive all the more bitter.

Last Strongholds

In the Far East, few bases are left to the United Nations. But they are powerful springboards for action.

From Australia, Flying Fortresses will roar across the skies; from New Zealand, warships must sail to cut the Japanese far-flung lines and maroon their forces on the many islands they have captured.

Burma's Chance

From China—unless Russia enters the war against Japan and provides us with nearer bases—our long-distance bombers should take-off to shatter the matchwood cities of Tokio and Nagasaki.

If Northern Burma can be held by General Alexander, then joint British-Chinese land action against the enemy will be possible.

All Eyes on Cripps

Will the tremendous untapped power of India be harnessed for the struggle? Cripps would certainly not have undertaken his mission without a reasonable prospect of success.

But he has the most difficult task of any envoy in the history of the East. He will need not only his recognised abilities but superhuman patience. And time is pressing.

JOHN BULL, which first suggested his despatch to India, wishes him good luck and a safe return.

Italy Trembles

In the Mediterranean, both Rommel and Auchinleck are amassing supplies.

Despite the present stalemate, Italy quivers with fear of a British invasion. Despite the troop-carrying barges assembled at Balkan ports, Turkey still hopes to escape Nazi invasion.

Turn-Tail

Twice within the last month JOHN BULL has predicted naval action in northern waters—an attempt by the *Von Tirpitz* to cut our supply lines to Russia. Last week that mighty battleship hurriedly skittled back to port to dodge our forces.

But the action will come. At all costs, that menace to our shipping lanes must be removed.

Sweden to Spain

Darlan assembles the French Fleet at Toulon, perhaps for bluff, perhaps for battle. Spain's "non-belligerency" becomes more belligerent, and that may well be another pointer to Hitler's intentions.

In Sweden, a new Nazi war of nerves is raging, though it seems improbable that actual war will be declared on a State that is already having to help Hitler with raw materials.

New Battle of Britain!

As for Britain, large forces of Americans in Northern Ireland will release our own troops for offensive action elsewhere.

Yet other developments make it clear that the Government considers a Nazi attempt to invade Britain as a strong possibility still.

Trials to Come

In short, the whole world will be convulsed during the months to come. The most appalling war in history must reach its bloodiest climax.

We in these tiny islands will have to make the most strenuous effort to safeguard our World Front—to clean the Atlantic, sweep the Mediterranean, pound German war plants, besides saving Australia.

And all this must be done before we can hope to retake what we have lost.

The Weapons

So, in this World Alliance that is sworn to destroy the men of evil, there must be such production of war material that will dwarf all conceptions of our potential.

More and more aircraft! More and yet more ships! Incredible armouries of guns and fleets of tanks must issue from our factories!

The Policy

A new vigour in our strategy must be made manifest.

There must be that wise boldness, that shrewd initiative, that sound co-ordination of all our Fighting Forces, that would grip the imagination of all our people and spread despair among our enemies.

Attack we must. Let us all see to it that we *can* attack.

(Continued overleaf)

SHAMEFUL ADMIRALTY SCANDAL

● **There are ninety-seven naval prisoners in Winchester jail just now.**

They have not broken the criminal law. They are guilty only of offences against naval discipline—some of them minor offences.

And the way in which they are treated by the Admiralty is indefensible.

On their journey from Portsmouth to Winchester, these brave men are humiliated by being handcuffed in public.

On arrival at the prison, they are mixed with thieves, forgers and other hardened criminals.

The sailor who has "cheeked" a petty officer, or over-stayed his leave by a few hours, is booked in prison records just as if he were a burglar.

So, after the war, he will face civil life with the stigma of a jail record.

When he has served his term, the criminal walks out a free man. Not so the sailor.

He is handcuffed again and taken by an escort back to Portsmouth!

The Admiralty must scrap this infamous relic of the days when sailors could be awarded 200 lashes. And it must scrap it swiftly.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

FRENCH refugees recently reached Britain by 'plane from Lisbon.

They were interrogated at the airport. Arriving in London by train at midnight, they went to a police station for further questioning.

Taken for a Ride

At half-past two in the morning—in icy weather—they were taken in an open lorry from Paddington to a hostel in South London for further examination.

Their party included an expectant mother and young children.

Surely refugees from oppression could be treated here with just a little consideration?

Unhappy France

Their views on Occupied France are unanimous and emphatic:

In the North and the industrial districts (but not elsewhere), sentiment is wholly pro-British.

But revolt is unthinkable. Most of the French are too dispirited and too apathetic to do anything except wait for deliverance—or die slowly of underfeeding.

No Stone Throwing!

That report will not please our wishful thinkers. Neither should it prompt taunts at our unhappy ally.

Remember that not all Britons are "in the war." Not by a long chalk!

Week by week, JOHN BULL hears of arms factories where the men have only an hour's work a day and then sit down to wait for the buzzer.

Time for a Game

This week, again, we are informed of an aircraft factory where workers have little to do except card-playing.

Usually, in such cases, the management is to blame. But not always.

Shaming Them

The following notice appeared at a big arms factory the other day:

"On Saturday afternoon, out of a total of 207 men employed in this shop, only 66 arrived for work.

"Men die in the heat of Libya and in the arctic cold of the Russian front, drown in the Atlantic, Pacific, and the Mediterranean, every hour of every day, so that you could enjoy Saturday afternoon off."

Unless the slackers are human turtles, that should penetrate their skin.

Overtime

In a ship repairing yard, it is common for men to play cards or merely loaf until 8 p.m., when they stroll up with their time-sheets and claim three hours' overtime.

They're not typical of the great majority of workers. But they discredit all workers.

Whitehall Draws Lots

Similarly, many Government officials we know work seven days a week. But some of the Ministry of Works staff evidently find time hanging on their hands.

They have written to a printer on official notepaper asking for quotations for a regular supply of tickets for a weekly lottery!

Can't the Ministry give them something else to do?

The Army Way

Here's more fun-and-games: A "Save-Petrol Week" certainly inspired an Army force in the West Country to save hundreds of gallons. Even military operations, including night exercises, were cancelled.

Next week the consumption went up so much that it wiped out the savings of the previous week and a bit more besides.

It's enough to make the Germans laugh.

Three-Ton Pigeon

That reminds us of the Devon farmer who picked up a Service pigeon. The Army sent a three-ton lorry from Exeter to collect it.

Ninety miles there and back.

Major's Oysters

Which, in turn, recalls to us the case of a major who sent a lorry twenty miles to fetch oysters for his supper, and a further twenty-five miles to fetch a man to clean them. Total journeys—nearly ninety miles.

We won't vouch for this case. But we'll supply the authorities with details for an official inquiry.

Fireless Welcome

Inquiry should also be made into a report that one unit was not allowed to light fires because the stoves had been polished in preparation for a visit by a major.

If true, the sycophantic officers responsible should be officially informed that the War Office wants men to be trained not as housemaids but as fighters.

Fed Up

Airmen's slang term for boredom, "browned off," might have been expressly coined to describe an R.A.F. man whose only duty is to sweep out a hut each morning; he starts at 8.30 and is finished by 9.30.

In civilian life he was an electric welder, used to bomb and armour welding.

Rent Profiteers

For the sake of all Servicemen and their wives, far stronger measures must be devised against rent extortioners.

Typical example is penalising a soldier whose wife found war work close to his station. They have to pay 22s. 6d. a week for two rooms without a bath in a house rented at 17s. 6d.

Some Servicemen pay even more to small-scale but rapacious racketeers.

Demoted

Almost as bad for morale is the continued scandal of the N.F.S. Still we hear of extravagance, waste and strange appointments. Still we hear of officers being displaced by newcomers whom they have trained and instructed.

Is Mr. Morrison asleep?

Waste

Did we mention waste? That will serve as a pretext for telling you of a Forestry Commission plantation in Scotland.

The heavier logs are taken by lorry to a sawmill twenty miles away. Within a mile of the mill is a railway station, with loading facilities.

But, when the logs are manufactured, they are hauled back to a station six miles beyond where the trees are felled—and pass within 200 yards of the mill.

Dodging the Bill

Man rejected for the Army was recently told to present himself for war work and bring a medical certificate.

Latter was obtained from an eye specialist for a fee of two guineas.

Ministry of Labour won't pay that sum, expected to get it for 1s. When will it learn that men should not have to pay for the privilege of helping their country?

N.A.A.F.I. Habits

The Select Committee's criticism of N.A.A.F.I. leads us to a suggestion that more economical management might result if N.A.A.F.I. employed more business men in its executive posts.

One reader, who formerly managed London's biggest food store and handled a turnover of £100,000 a week, applied to N.A.A.F.I. for a job. He was offered the post of general warehouseman!

Still Waiting

A coastal village has been treated roughly by hit-and-run raiders, perhaps because it is within a mile or two of two aerodromes.

Months ago the villagers were promised Morrison steel shelters, which eventually arrived. Ever since they have been stored in a farmer's barn.

The Jerry raiders aren't so leisurely in their tactics.

Left to Rot

Wickedly leisurely is the attitude of the authorities to a Midlothian farm, where potato crops have been allowed to rot in the ground throughout the winter and the fields are now green with weeds.

It forms an unpleasant contrast to the "get out within twenty-four hours" notice served to farmers elsewhere, and it suggests that the Ministry of Agriculture should give closer supervision to the behaviour of its county agricultural committees.

Starvation Level

Moreover, we suggest that the Government should speed up the clanking machinery of workmen's compensation.

How can a totally disabled single man keep himself nowadays on 30s. a week? How can a married man keep his wife on the paltry allowance of 5s. a week?

You know the answers. So do we. And it's time the Government did.

Help for Hitler

Cardiff Council prohibits the showing of Dig for Victory pictures in the cinemas on Sundays.

Yet thousands of the city's workers have no time to see the films on weekdays.

Sweep away absurd by-laws that impede the war effort!

New Author

Thirteen-year-old Harold Smith attends a council school at Leiston, Suffolk. He surprised his headmaster by saying he could write a book if given the chance.

He was given the chance. The first chapter bore the title, "This Iniquitous Government," and the headmaster had to admit that young George had collected a surprising amount of information.

"It all came out of JOHN BULL," said George modestly.

But we hope that neither George nor anyone else thinks that JOHN BULL is anti-Government. We are merely anti-muddle.

Costly Muddle

Here's muddle at its worst:

Bedfordshire War Agricultural Committee ordered 200 acres of grassland to be ploughed, though it raised some 200 fat lambs a year.

Stock was slaughtered and eighty acres sown with barley. The crop was left to rot; total cost cannot be less than £2,500.

Crop of Weeds

Finally, let us mention that acres of land near Cardiff were used as allotments during the last war.

This time they are raising a crop of weeds.

It wouldn't happen in Germany. And it shouldn't happen here.

Behind the News

- *Luftwaffe* **morale in Russia is falling heavily. Poor training and lack of fighting spirit of new officers are no help!**
- *Suicide rate has quadrupled in Berlin, is eight times higher in Western Germany than last year. Probable causes: Under-feeding, Russian victories.*
- Thefts of food and clothing in Germany are so general that only 3 per cent. of parcels from occupied countries arrive safely.
- **"V" army has caused more rail accidents in Czechoslovakia during the last six months than in preceding 24 years! Nazi troop and supply trains were the targets.**
- *Four meatless days weekly in Italy is only part of shortage imposed by Nazi demands. Olive oil has been cut to 2 per cent. of normal supplies.*
- Finland, even worse off, threatens to stop fighting unless more food is sent at once. Present rations include 2½ oz. meat, 1.3 oz. cooking fat weekly per household, no soap.
- **Important U.S.A.-Vichy developments are coming. Japs are likely to be forestalled in Madagascar, Vichy's key island of southern Indian ocean.**
- *Big Berlin military conference was supposed to put finishing touches on Hitler's Spring campaign. But plans have been so upset that German generals are now going to and fro to receive new orders.*
- Several leading Nazis are disgraced. They assured Hitler they could dissuade Britain from her big bombing offensive, so some Nazi industries are inadequately prepared.
- **Hitler has abandoned his hope of establishing a fixed Front H.Q., has reverted to his Fuehrer train which can be quickly moved out of endangered territory.**
- *Slovak troops are being withdrawn from Eastern front, because so many have deserted to Russian lines.*
- German shortage of men is so great that police from ten biggest German towns have been sent to the front.

Without Fear or Favour — *By the Editor*

NO PLAY LIKE WORK

BRITAIN'S State of Emergency exists, even though it has not been officially declared.

The grimmest phase of the war is fast approaching. The issues for every man and woman are as fateful as if the enemy were storming our ports and making battlefields of our meadows.

Despite Russia, the Germans are still masters of Europe. They are still but twenty miles or so from our southern shore.

The Japanese are temporary masters of the Pacific. They are sweeping on to fresh conquests and new infamies.

They are throwing everything into the struggle, for they dare not allow the United Nations to muster their crushing strength.

It is Now or Never for the Axis. 1942 is the year of decision.

Everyone knows that, you may say. Perhaps. But is everyone behaving as if he knew?

JOHN BULL sees no sign that the nation is roused to full awareness of its peril.

Even though most of our people are working as never before, even though the achievements in our factories and forges bear comparison with those in Germany and Russia, there is much more that should be done but which is being neglected.

JOHN BULL *urges our leaders to summon the nation to action.*

Yet even orders and appeals will fail unless all Britain recaptures the spirit with which it endured the merciless bombing of a year ago.

We didn't wait for appeals then. The need for voluntary help is even greater now.

Every job of useful work is a means to hardening our attack and bringing victory nearer.

Every man and woman in the land has an imperative duty to help to the uttermost.

Is Mr. Smith already doing his duty as a Civil Defence volunteer? He will help still more by cutting down his expenditure on non-essentials.

Is Mrs. Brown saving every penny she can for National Savings? She could do more—even if only by shopping for neighbours on war work.

That back garden—is it producing all the vegetables it could? Or is fruitful soil still given up to straggling flower borders and moribund bushes?

A cabbage is now as important as a bullet. The potato has become a staff of life.

EVERY day in the treacherous seas, men drown in the attempt to bring us food. Dig for Victory and you will save life.

Is there a strip of waste land round a factory? It should be helping to bring us victory as much as the weapons made inside.

The Russians do not allow "waste land" to remain barren.

War factories in the U.S.S.R. have their own allotments. The factory workers produce not only enough food for themselves, but supply the families of employees called up for the Red Army.

Siberian workers are a thousand miles from the battle front. But they do not think of the war as remote. They do not wait to be bombed into a realisation of their country's peril.

On the Omsk railway, in Siberia, every railway man cultivates an allotment. Every one!

In Britain, the "allotment habit" has spread to tens of thousands of our people. But not to all who should be helping to maintain themselves and to save seamen's lives.

Still there are millions of our people with time to spare. In war, spare time is a criminal waste of the country's greatest asset.

JOHN BULL suggests a national campaign for spare-time volunteers.

It would summon all sections of the community for a few hours' work on Saturday afternoons or Sundays—to collect salvage, clear bombed areas, and perform a hundred other jobs that skilled and unskilled alike could perform without training or thought of payment.

It is done in Germany. It is done in Russia. Why should it be left undone in Britain?

There is scope for thousands of part-time volunteers in war factories.

The Government has appealed for them. Many have volunteered. But they find themselves unwanted.

A JOHN BULL man has just been on a tour of London Employment Exchanges. At each of them he offered the services of himself and his wife for part-time work.

Most of the officials weren't even interested enough to discuss the matter. Only one offered to write if a job "turned up."

Not that those Ministry of Labour officials were entirely to blame. They knew that employers are opposed to part-time work.

They can't be bothered to organise it!

Women graduates of Glasgow University with engineering skill offered to take week-end jobs in Clydeside engineering factories.

They were bluntly told that they weren't wanted.

And the public, too, must be blamed as well as employers and officialdom.

Let there be a peremptory demand by tens of thousands for part-time work, and that work will be provided.

The public demanded the scaling-down of "pleasure motoring," dog-racing and boxing. Its orders have been obeyed by the Government.

But we are slow to make demands upon the authorities. We are usually content to wait for the authorities to make demands on us.

Meanwhile, all too often, we continue to practise the very things we want to be stopped.

So it is with spending. The majority of the nation thinks it indefensible that extravagance should continue when we are battling for our very lives.

We think it monstrous that a dinner-bill for two in a fashionable London restaurant should be as much as £6—JOHN BULL saw one recently that amounted to £10.

We are incensed by the idle women who tour chemists' shops in the determination to find a particular shade of nail-dye.

If we were honest, most of us would have to admit that we, too, are still buying things we do not really need with the money that is urgently needed to buy tanks and guns and ships.

That is why JOHN BULL declares that the nation's conscience must be aroused.

LET us all realise the tremendous effort still required from us to defend ourselves. Let us remind ourselves that still more will be required if we are to pass from the defensive to the attack.

Let us all behave as a state of emergency requires

Every job of useful work will harden our attack and bring victory nearer. Every penny saved will strengthen our arms.

JOHN BULL must reiterate that it is not the Government's duty to dragoon the people. The need is for the people—all of us—to make compulsion unnecessary.

Few of us like compulsion. Most of us like to be given guidance. Let us then forestall compulsion by helping ourselves and the country at the same time!

The day is near when all this country's forces will be engaged.

No more strategic withdrawals, no skilful retirement because we lack the support of men and munitions!

Soon, instead, we shall move forwards to attack.

And the quicker we pile up the supplies and cut down the luxuries, the more assurance shall we have of success.

What the War Has Done to Women

AFTER the last war women flew out of the cage—as they called the home. After this war, I hear, they will fly back!

Until this century most women had never lived anywhere but in the cage. They had looked out, and, since the sweetest apple is always the one which is out of reach, everything outside the cage seemed more attractive than anything inside.

* * *

So that when the chance for freedom came women took it.

Women have been free of the cage for only a quarter of a century. Men have been more or less free for centuries. They have been able to roam. But—to what purpose?

"Men are free to do as they like; women are chained to the home." How often did we hear that?

But, life being a kind of ride on a roundabout horse, which never leads to any place but the original roundabout, the truth is that men were never free to do as they liked. They were not chained to the home, but they were chained all the same.

To live at all, without luxury, it is necessary for a man to get a number of things from the world: for himself, if alone, for a wife and perhaps a family otherwise. Food, clothes, shelter, provision against sickness. And most of his "freedom" is used up in getting these things—and in getting them again next week and next year.

The ride on the roundabout may look exciting, but most of the time is spent in keeping one's seat on the horse!

Now women are finding this out for themselves.

* * *

The freedom that the war has brought to women is that kind of freedom—freedom full of dull offices, uncoloured tasks, stacks of bills, stacks of forms, *lodgings*.

And, so I hear, women are looking back to the cage and recalling its virtues!

After the last war they flew about, without any particular branch in view. Freedom was the thing, for its own sake. It was a novelty to be able to flap their wings, and for twenty years or so they flapped, thinking it fun.

But now things are going to be different.

* * *

After the last war women said: "Well, now it's over; but if you think we're going to give up the freedom and the fun and go back home you're very much mistaken."

After this war women are going to say: "Now it's over we're going back home, whether you like it or not!"

At least, I hear so.

Home life, said somebody in authority recently, is at an end until after the war. Which may be what has done it, because the sweetest apple is always the one which is out of reach.

WILL SCOTT

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. Sir JAMES GRIGG, M.P., Secretary of State for War

DEAR SIR,—Let me suggest a few more ways in which your "new broom" should be vigorously wielded.

Last week I dealt with the War Office itself. This week I draw your attention to deficiencies in the Army proper—the fighting units.

The best men are not always chosen for training as officers. Usually they have already been promoted to N.C.O.s, and are doing a useful job of work.

Their commanding officer is therefore reluctant to part with them. And they are not given a chance of getting commissioned rank.

My remedy is just this: Cease relying on the commanding officer's recommendation. Let all men who apply for training as officers be interviewed by O.C.T.U. instructors.

Too many officers are engaged in non-fighting capacities. And fighting officers have to concern themselves with such non-military matters as welfare, advice on military grants, and so on—instead of devoting all their time to increasing the efficiency of their unit.

Again I propose a simple remedy:

Let the padre handle welfare matters. After all, he has little else to do.

As for the disturbing jealousy between the Army and the R.A.F., that must be countered by posting more Army officers for temporary duties with the R.A.F., and *vice versa*.

There is also much jealousy between rival regiments and units. The remedy for that is to teach men to think less of their particular unit and more of the Army as a whole.

Finally, custom and tradition must be ruthlessly scrapped in a determined effort to harden everyone in khaki for the inexorable task that lies ahead.

I believe you have that determination, and I wish you speedy success.—JOHN BULL.

Sir HORACE J. WILSON, Head of the Civil Service

DEAR SIR,—Not a man, not an hour, should be wasted in these grim days. But the Civil Service wastes both time and man-power on a prodigious scale.

I have told of officials who have done only a few hours' work in as many weeks. Mr. L. C. White, the Civil Servants' leader, agrees that "large numbers" of them could be released for war work.

Two large Ministries were asked to stop recruiting until the present staff could be given a reasonable day's work.

The staff's appeal was dismissed; more labour is still being engaged.

Are you responsible for this wicked waste of money and men? Or have you no authority in your own house?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. C. BEARN, Controller of Health Insurance

DEAR SIR,—A hospital patient applied for panel benefit and forwarded his contributions card. Your department said it had been lost, and sent him two forms containing some thirty questions.

Then the forms were lost. He filled up two more. They were lost. He filled up two more—and is waiting to hear of their fate.

Tell me, do your officials spend their time playing hide-and-seek?—JOHN BULL.

THE TOWN COUNCILLORS, Chelmsford

GENTLEMEN,—War workers complain of wasted time—sometimes an hour or more—while waiting in the barber's shop. Yet you refuse to allow a local factory to employ its own barber and thus save time and temper.

Remember that our ruthless enemies waste nothing, and possess greater man-power than we can muster. Then change your minds.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, Secretary of State for Air

DEAR SIR,—R.A.F. pilots should not have to risk their lives giving joy-rides to civilians.

An officer who took part in the attack on the escaping German warships in the Channel landed with his machine riddled with bullets.

Despite the nervous strain he had just undergone, he was asked to take up the secretary to the Mayor of Brighton, who was paying a visit to the aerodrome.

The machine crashed; pilot and passenger were smashed to death.

I repeat: Stop the joy flights for civilians!—JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN WARDLAW-MILNE, M.P., Nation's Watch-Dog

DEAR SIR JOHN,—Your "anti-waste" committee should pay a visit to Accrington, whose water board told the Government that supplies would be polluted if certain works were carried out.

Whitehall took no notice. And so 100,000,000 gallons of water were tainted.

Make that water hot for someone!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. JUSTICE STABLE, Royal Courts of Justice

MY LORD,—Rarely has a judge's opinion been so generally approved as your words at Manchester Assizes to four men who stole machine tools used in war production.

Had Parliament given you the power, you said, you would have sentenced them to death.

Why not? Anyone who deprives our fighting men of weapons is guilty of treason, and should pay the penalty of treason.

Believe me, the public does not want to deal softly with its stealthy enemies. Softness has been forced upon it.—JOHN BULL.

Councillor F. M. SEAL, Portsmouth Food Committee

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—You help me to understand why food is dear.

In one week, it cost the incredible sum of £5,000 to slaughter 102 sheep and 34 head of cattle in your city.

That isn't the fault of your committee, of course. And Whitehall, which is responsible for the slaughter-houses, apparently doesn't care a damn how much public money is frittered away.—JOHN BULL.

Miss VIOLET MARKHAM, Chairman, Women's Services Committee

DEAR MADAM,—I hear you are amazed because only 200 letters of complaint have reached you in a week.

It doesn't amaze me. I have never thought there was anything seriously wrong with the women's Services. But I do suggest an improvement in the attitude to women in the ranks.

One W.A.A.F. officer is alleged to have told the girls on parade that they only joined up "to get husbands—and she'd see they didn't get one."

I have heard equally unpleasant sneers against girls who ask for leave when their Service husbands or fiancés arrive home, and you will agree that insults should not be the reward of women who are anxious to help their country.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. MABANE, M.P., Ministry of Home Security

DEAR SIR,—A Kent schoolgirl was badly injured while at play. She was taken to a first-aid post—and turned away because she was not an air raid casualty.

It's a general rule, I know. But your Civil Defence personnel obey it reluctantly. They would rather be tending accident cases than idling away their time on books or card games.

And it is monstrous that they are not allowed to do so.—JOHN BULL.

DIRECTOR OF TRAINING, Ministry of Labour

DEAR SIR,—So elementary is the instruction, so few the tools, that it is pointless to keep people at your training centres for more than a week.

So the trainees allege.

I agree with them that an engineer's course should not be confined to hammering a small piece of metal into a square and of learning to use only a file. There are other tools to be mastered, you know.—JOHN BULL.

CAMBERLEY COUNCIL: **Sorry you've had to give up a rent-free allotment scheme because Government auditor says it would be illegal. Fantastic folly to allow land to remain a close preserve during total war!**—JOHN BULL.

"Cads' War" at Home

"THIS is cads' war," Lord Bridgeman, Director-General of the Home Guard, has declared. Those who have experienced the beastliness, the filthiness, and the brutality of the Axis forces, Nazi, Wop and Jap, know how true the statement is.

Home Guards, too, realise by now that if they are mustered to defend Britain against Hun invaders, they can put out of their minds all thought of fair-play.

ARGUE IT OUT ★ By Pollio

No trick is too low to play on the Nazis; no cunning is too mean; no subterfuge is too dirty.

The Director-General may rest assured that the force he has the honour to command will make it a cads' war for Jerry if Hitler is ever able to pollute our countryside with his foul Nazi-spawned murderers.

But—and this is a question addressed to Lord Bridgeman personally—must the term "cads' war" be applied to the treatment the Home Guard itself receives!

* * *

Here is a case which I commend for the attention of his Lordship, a case which merits wider publicity than it has been given:

Two members of a Home Guard unit were engaged, among others, in testing a weapon, not a new type of weapon by any means.

Unhappily, there was a premature burst, and these two Home Guards, one an officer, were killed.

Soon afterwards I was on duty with my section when it was announced that the widows of the men had been granted pensions of 22s. 6d. a week.

It was further announced that it had been decided—*apparently by officers and N.C.O.s—that every man in the battalion should contribute to a fund for the benefit of the dependants.*

The contribution was to be limited to 1s. a head—a trivial sum.

* * *

But the issues raised are far from trivial.

In the first place, those Home Guards died for their country as much as did any man at Dunkirk, Crete, Tobruk, or Singapore.

But their wives had had no chance, as the wives of soldiers have, to adapt themselves to the economic switch-over from civilian income to Army allowances.

In a second they were bereft of husband and income. And the widow of an officer granted 22s. 6d. a week is dependent temporarily on the charity of the men whom her husband helped to train and lead.

I don't know, Lord Bridgeman, whether the case has come to your notice. I don't know your views on the battalion fund. I don't even know how we Home Guards stand in the matter.

But I do know that the "bob-a-nob" subscription is one of the most shameful things in the history of the Home Guard—and that's saying a lot!

★ COMMODORE G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS begins a new series of true stories that breathe the incomparable spirit of our Mercantile Marine. Though the perils these grand men face have now spread to the Seven Seas, our cargo boats still doggedly keep on their way—and not even the combined threat of the German, Italian and Japanese navies will stop them

And Still the Seas are Free

THE tramp steamer *Bradford City* was plain and tough, like the town and the football team that bear its name. Just a big, rusty tramp, a hog in a bad sea, stubborn, sturdy, with a personality and a temper of its own.

Stumping along through the South Atlantic, carrying a heavy cargo, this old 5,000-tonner was putting its best foot forward in a sweltering afternoon, with a thick haze hanging over the water, somewhat south of the Line along the interminable African coast.

Utterly without warning, out of the mist came a great, sliding torpedo.

With a gush of flames and smoke like a volcano in eruption, the side of the iron ship crumped raggedly in, and she heeled over, almost cut in half, balancing for the final plunge.

Amidst the frightful sucking and gurgling of greedy water pouring into the ship's vitals, the roar of the flames, and the harsh and steady clamour of the siren warning all hands to abandon ship, a steely back broke the surface a few hundred yards away.

It was as if some small, fierce fish had stricken a marine monster to its death, and now came up to listen to its death-cries.

The desert had nothing to offer them but dry grass and shrubs

Jeering Jerries

The U-boat's conning-tower opened, and filthy, bearded figures clambered out. As the sea-killer purred slowly nearer, these figures danced and yelled with glee.

The *Bradford City* settled down grimly, reluctantly. Aboard her, the crew swiftly and steadily got away the lifeboats, every man in his place.

The German sailors produced cameras, and took snapshots of the scene. Some of them shouted across the water, in broken English, jeering, spitting in the sea.

A guttural voice yelled: "Where is zie Englisher Navee, mein vriends?"

Quick as a gunshot came the answer from an English boat: "And where's the Fuehrer's children? Fancy followin' a man wot ain't a man!"

Luckily, the Germans didn't understand.

The lifeboats bobbed away across the misty sea. From behind them came a frightful wallowing gulp like a giant choking to death, and where the *Bradford City* had been was only a heaving mess of spars and floating cargo.

The last boat to get away contained the skipper and mate and twenty-one men. They had very little food, and hardly any water.

The skipper put them on two biscuits and a beakerful of water each per day. But the first evening he gave them a whole day's rations, though they had only been in the boat four hours. "You'll spoil us, sir," one of the men remarked, his white teeth gleaming over the hard tack.

There was a grim laugh.

Under Tropic Sun

Night came down on them. It passed. The tropic sun rose blazing, and climbed with agonising slowness to the zenith, and declined. Another tropic night.

They tried to catch some flying-fishes playing beside the boat, but failed.

More days. More nights.

The skipper kept the boat stubbornly on its course over the infinite heaving plain of the great waters.

The last beakerful of water was drunk.

"Keep your chins out, lads," the skipper said. "We sight land to-morrow."

The men looked at each other in silence.

But they did sight land next day. A long, low, arid coastline. As they drew nearer, hour by hour, they saw that it was a naked desert.

Great breakers were rolling sullenly on to it and bursting into foam on hidden rocks. They steered their heavy boat into that raging white graveyard, after committing themselves to the hands of God.

Presently the boat was surrounded by pouring white water. How she lived, no one knew. Nearer. Almost in. And then she struck, turned over, and was beaten to matchwood as the men tumbled out and swam for it.

No Food: No Water

All got ashore. But one man was badly injured. He lay stubbornly quiet on a sandy couch, and they could do little for him.

They had no food and no water, though, as if in mockery, the two water-cans from the boat drifted ashore, badly dented but not holed. Search for miles through that desert coast failed to show anything to drink, or anything except yellow dried-up grasses and tough, woody shrubs to eat.

Meanwhile, their engineer, a Clydesider of few words, had taken the two battered tins, and was at work with them. He had brought ashore with him a length of metal tubing—originally as a weapon. This he bound up with torn strips from his shirt.

Presently, he rolled across to where the survivors were sitting.

"Ah've disteeled some watter, sir," he said briefly.

He had lighted a wood fire under a can of sea water, distilled it through his iron tube, and collected drinkable water, with a flat iron taste to it, in the other tin.

He saved their lives with that Heath Robinson apparatus, for it made them a bucketful of water a day.

Not even the ingenuity of Clydeside, however, could create manna in the desert. They were foodless.

But for their injured man they would have walked inland. But he could not safely be carried.

On the second day they heard a distant murmur.

"An aeroplane, by God!" muttered one of the men.

They waited, straining painfully to hear. The sound came nearer.

A big bomber bearing the Triple Circle flew past some miles inland, and went out of sight. No man dared look in another's face.

Then the murmur returned, growing louder. The machine came back, nearer to them, and passed out of hearing.

"It's looking for us," someone whispered.

"Shut up, damn you!" another exclaimed fiercely.

He was afraid that words would break the spell.

The machine came back. It was flying steadily up and down, covering the ground below strip by strip, looking for them. For a South African patrol aircraft had seen the *Bradford City* sunk, had called up the Flying Avengers and sent the U-boat into a crash-dive for safety that was hastened by a spate of lance-bombs that may have ended *that* story, and had then reported the two boats making for Cape Cross.

Since when, Springbok bombers had been systematically combing a fair part of West Africa.

The machine suddenly banked and came circling towards the castaways. It flew round over them, quite low, and someone inside waved.

The Skipper's Message

The skipper began to do a queer thing. He began to run about and grab up white stones. He yelled for others to do so, too. They thought he had gone crazy with joy, but the mate, after one look upwards joined him and added his order to the rest to do the same.

From the bomber there broke away a dark spot, which came tumbling down. A little parachute opened from it, and it swung, a big padded package, floating by over their heads.

Skipper and mate paid no attention. Hastily setting down their white stones, they made big letters with them. The letters read:

MAN INJURED SEND MEDICAL SUPPLIES.

From the aircraft someone waved again, to show that the message had been received. Then it turned and zoomed off out of sight.

The parachute landed half a mile from them. It contained food and water for several days.

Next morning, just before midday, a ship appeared offshore. A tubby, fussy little minesweeper from somewhere south'ard; and she stood inshore as delicately as a cat treading on eggs, trying to nose her way among those hidden reefs, where the surf broke in thunder and pouring foam.

Professional Pride

The way she did it called forth admiring blasphemy from the unshaven sailors on the shore.

Presently, the minesweeper put off a boat. It worked its way in till it, too, was surrounded by the thunder of water on hidden rocks. Then it hesitated, and turned out to sea again.

Another attempt was made to bring it ashore, and another and another.

Finally, late in the afternoon, the tantalised castaways, waiting, hardly daring to breathe as they watched its slow efforts, heard the faint remnants of a brazen voice, drowned by the crashing of the surf, calling to them from the boat

Time and again they tried to catch the words.

Then, at last: "I *think* he says, 'We can't get to you, but will send overland,'" remarked the mate.

"Thanks for trying, and good luck!" roared the skipper back to them.

The officer in the stern of the boat yelled something else, as his men backed water. It was: "How's your morale, old man?"

The castaways heard it this time, and looked at each other. A grin broke out. Then another.

The skipper's face grew red. "My morale's a hell of a sight better than Hitler's—and damn your eyes for asking!" he shouted back in a voice that would have raised the dead.

The man in the boat waved, and it drew off to its ship. The minesweeper steamed infinitely slowly out of sight.

"Like the Ritz"!

Late that afternoon an aircraft roared over and dropped medical supplies, and some invalid foods.

The injured man never made a murmur as his hurts were dressed and sterilised Then, eating essence of beef, he said: "Grub like the Ritz Hotel. All it wants is the band."

Two days later, across the yellow desert, there came rattling and bumping to them an African mining lorry. It sounded like a tin-can serenade, and beside the dust-brown driver sat a buck nigger grinning from head to foot, who had picked out the route.

The castaways piled in, and the Clydeside engineer insisted on taking his water-distilling apparatus with him.

"Ye never know if ye micht need it! The land's a verra dangerous place!" he growled. "Gie me the sea!"

And now he is back at sea, and so is every man of that ship's company, including the injured one, who recovered quickly and well

Those are the men who will keep the seas free, come what may. . . .

NEXT WEEK:
They Beat the Mikado's Navy.

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IT'S A TERRIFIC RA

Japan and Germany are straining every sinew to reach the appointed meeting place in the Middle East. Can they be stopped? Yes, if the United Nations take risks—big risks—in a determined offensive spirit

Says A. G. GARDINER

THE climax of the war is imminent. By the events in the Middle East during the next six months the issue will be foreshadowed. It may even be decided. I say the Middle East because it is there that the supreme clash is coming.

The strategy of the enemy is clear. It is to bring off a vast pincer movement which will link up Japan and Germany in the Middle East.

Look at the map and the immense gravity of such a stroke will be apparent.

The blockade of Germany would be broken. Hitler's anxieties about oil, rubber, tin, would disappear. The shadow of sea-power would be lifted. For us, the war would have entered on a new and more menacing phase.

When, after the entry of Japan into the war I said that this strategy was tolerably certain, the danger seemed remote. It is remote no longer. Do not let us deceive ourselves. It is perilously near.

ONE LIMB OF THE PINCERS HAS SWUNG TOWARDS THE POINT OF CONTACT WITH APPALLING SPEED AND MOMENTUM. THE EAST INDIES HAVE GONE LIKE A PACK OF CARDS SWEPT BY A BLIZZARD.

One of the five keys of the world has been snatched from us, and through the Straits of Malacca the Japanese Navy has access to the Indian Ocean. That means access to India, to the Persian Gulf, to the Red Sea.

This is the tremendous new fact of the war.

* * *

Turn to the other limb of the pincers. When I wrote it seemed much the more immediately formidable of the two, for who could have envisaged the completeness and swiftness of the Pacific calamity?

It is still formidable. But it is less so than it was. For on the very day that Japan struck her treacherous blow at Pearl Harbour the Russian Army turned on the Huns and smote back.

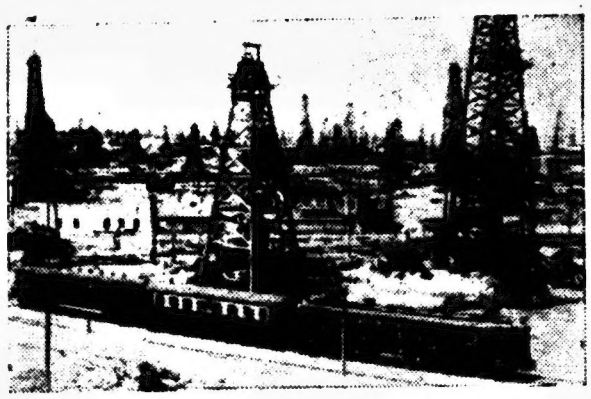
Just as no one anticipated the power of Japan's blow, so no one expected the might and genius of Russia's "come back."

Certainly Hitler did not. His whirlwind conquest of Russia had been a hideous washout. "Moscow in six weeks" had been his programme. And at the end of six months Moscow was still Moscow, and his legions faced an unbroken and indomitable enemy.

But if baffled, he was still confident. He made scapegoats of his generals to shift the guilt of failure from his own anointed head, and prepared for his revenge.

He would hold his front for the winter, rest his armies, build up a mightier engine behind the lines and return in the Spring in such overwhelming power that nothing could resist his break through into the Caucasus.

Again he miscalculated. Again the genius



The oil in the Caucasus is the fuel for which Hitler will throw in everything he has got

of Russian strategy and the passion of the Russian people defeated him.

With the Russian winter as their priceless ally, the Russians have given Hitler no rest day or night. They have driven his armies back into the dark forests.

They have defeated his men, destroyed his equipment, captured his strong points, and played havoc with his plans for the Spring.

"It is magnificent, but it is not war," said the French general of Balaclava. Russia's recoil is magnificent, and it is war. It is war that touches the sublime. It is war that springs from the soul of an unconquerable people.

* * *

But, again, do not let us nurse extravagant hopes. Hitler has suffered enormous losses. His plans have been staggered. "Invincible" is no longer the legend on his banner.

But his power is still vast. He has been driven back on every front, but his line is unbroken. He holds key positions from which to launch his coming offensive. He has lost millions of men; but he has millions more.

Every arsenal and factory in Europe and all the slave labour of Europe are working day and night to equip his armies.

INTO HIS BLOW THIS SPRING HE WILL THROW EVERYTHING THAT HE HAS GOT. EVERYTHING. FOR IT IS THE GRAND CRISIS OF THE WAR.

If he wins now he goes far to win all. If he fails now he fails finally and for ever.

And, remember, he is spurred on by the marvellous doings of Japan. Spurred on by two things. First, by the immediate prospect of linking up with his ally at the Persian Gulf or the Red Sea. Second, by his pride.

Is he to fail while Japan succeeds? Is he to lose the war and Japan to win it? Is he making a bonfire of the white civilisation in order that the Yellow Peril, in the guise of the "Island Monkey Race," can possess the earth?

No. He will sacrifice the whole manhood of Germany rather than suffer this blow to his vanity.

For, do not forget that, with all his Satanic genius, he is a homicidal maniac, to whom human life, whether German or other, has no value except in so far as it serves his insane thirst for power.

What is imminent then is a gigantic thrust to the Caucasus and the Middle East. Against this thrust we have to watch not only the Black Sea, but Libya, the Suez, and the Eastern Mediterranean.

The ominous signs of the coming storm are visible there for all to see. And concurrently with this thrust the other limb of the pincers will strain every nerve to throw the grapnel to the Huns across the Middle East.

* * *

This is the thing that is coming. How is it to be frustrated? At all costs the Caucasus front must be held.

HITLER MUST BE KEPT IN HIS PRISON. WE MUST TAKE RISKS. WE AND AMERICA MUST FLING EVERYTHING WE HAVE INTO MAKING THE RUSSIAN DEFENCE IMPREGNABLE.

And not the Russian defence only. Turkey is a gateway to the Caucasus and the Middle East also. Do not the omens in the Eastern Mediterranean mean that she will be struck by the avalanche, too?

I am assured that she will fight. But she must have arms, arms, arms with which to fight and only Britain and America can supply them.

The other limb of the pincers must be left mainly to the United States. The temporary loss of sea supremacy in the Pacific, which has led to the dreadful happenings there, must and will be redressed.

And in spite of the sweeping triumphs of the barbarism there is a fatal weakness in their position. They are thousands of miles from their base, and the farther they go the more vulnerable become their lines of communication.

They seek to conquer the world in one terrific rush and it can't be done.

New "Fish Net" Defe

HITLER'S retreat in Russia has been saved from rout by something new in the defence-in-depth theory—a "fishing net" system where every section is in itself one of those strong points to which the Soviet communiqués refer almost daily.

Dr. Todt, recently killed when flying back to Germany, designed it.

First he ringed every key position in a 20-mile circle and covered it with an imaginary fish-net. At every point at which the strands would have criss-crossed he erected one of his strong points—each a steel and concrete pill-box.

In this way every yard of the deep defence zone was covered with a fire curtain operating in all directions. Almost all the pill-boxes had to be wiped out before the key position was in serious danger.

* * *

The points were spaced anything up to 1,000 yards apart—well within deadly machine-gun range — and though each supported and was in turn supported by at least half-a-dozen of its neighbours, none was in another's line of fire.

Between the points th
wired and heavily mine
mines against infantry
and the 22-lb. "T" min
blast the heaviest ta
existence.

* *

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The smaller pill-boxe
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are capable of housing
artillery. Some were
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Russian realism qu
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squads of sappers wh
snow-covered minefield
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Then the Soviet e

ACE

These abominations have bitten off more than they will ever chew, and the retribution for Hong Kong will come with as terrible a certainty as that for Rotterdam will come upon the Huns.

What the Japanese have accomplished is the result of secrecy and treacherous surprise. Those advantages are exhausted.

With the gathering strength of the American fleet, the time we have had to prepare in the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea, and the lengthening line of Japan's communications, the risk from Japan should be thwarted.

I believe that it will soon appear that the Japs have spread their own risks too recklessly and that they will pay the penalty. In any case, the supreme task is to keep Hitler in his prison.

* * *

What else is possible? A large-scale invasion of the Continent is out of the question. Transport alone makes it impracticable. But raids of magnitude and increasing frequency should be organised. And bombing of the power-houses of the enemy must be intensified.

There is nothing Hitler dreads more. Hence the protestations of Goebbels that bombing is futile and that Germany will do no more. What sort of simpletons does he take us for?

THERE IS ONE OTHER SOURCE OF HELP. BATTLES ARE WON ON THE FIELD, BUT WARS ARE WON ON THE HOME FRONT. AND EVERYONE CAN DO HIS BIT IN DEFEATING THE COMING OFFENSIVE.

We must work as we have never worked before. We must cut down consumption to save shipping. We must lend all we have.

Satanism is making war on the soul of the world. Let it not be said that one of us, in this great hour of destiny, did less than his utmost or gave less than his all.

efence Saved Hitler

...ts the ground was ...mined—6-lb. "S" ...antry or cavalry, ... mines which can ... tanks out of

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...e camouflaged by ... of snow were laid ...dual minefield to ...s, and the system ...ible in Russian ... the maintenance ...s and reliefs fol...

...pill-boxes are round, ... a few men. The ...ch section leaders ... hexagonal and ...sing mobile light ...re even designed ... as trench-mortar

... quick to appre...culty, immediately ... survey of the net...ing planes and ... who braved the ...fields and drew ... machine guns so ...ir exact location. ...t engineers and sappers developed a technique which cuts the "fish-net" strand by strand without undue cost or delay.

But it has been—and is—a tough job.

Todt's system has served Hitler well, but it is a purely winter system.

Without the dead-white, perspective-distorting camouflage of snow and ice, the strong points are clearly visible and contact between them can no longer be maintained along shallow ditches. Only deep and well-defended trenches will suffice, and at the present time this is an engineering feat Hitler may not be able to tackle.

* * *

Once the snow melts he will need a hundred men where he is now using two-men pillboxes, and, in addition, he will need a continual *Luftwaffe* "umbrella" to protect them against the Stormoviks and artillery—to say nothing of the increasing number of guerillas.

Todt based his work on the belief that the Nazi High Command would be able to hold off the Russians long enough to prevent this weakness becoming known.

VIVIAN MEIK.

WILLI FRISCHAUER takes you round some of the countries still at peace. Their daily life seems to be a greater strain than if they were at war!

There's No Peace for Neutrals

A FRIEND returning to these shores from a visit to a neutral country sighed with relief as he set foot on British soil again.

A few weeks in the incredible atmosphere of doubts and suspicion, of fear and intrigue, of tension and uncertainty, and war shocks from all sides, had almost unnerved him—and he had calmly faced the bombs in the blitz and all the other perils of "a real war."

The unreal war in which the neutrals are engaged proved a greater strain on him than actual fighting: "Do not imagine," he said, "that the neutrals live in peace!"

In Turkey, for instance, the atmosphere of war has even permeated the polished, dignified centres of big social gatherings. Most receptions are being held twice: once for British, once for German guests.

When this is impossible, anything might happen.

Consternation!

Imagine the consternation of the guests when at a recent reception in Ankara the dress of the British naval attaché's wife became inadvertently entangled in that of Frau von Papen, whose husband is German Ambassador in Turkey.

The two women stood silent, trying to hide their feelings diplomatically, until a Turkish protocol official separated them. Then they walked off in different directions without a word, without a glance at each other.

But this harmless incident was only an instance of the violent war which is going on in Turkey. German agents recently tried to attack British Ambassador Knatchbull-Hugessen in spite of the vigilance of the Turkish police.

Not much later, an outraged Jugoslav, who had seen his country trampled down under the German jackboot, killed himself with a bomb which he was trying to throw at Herr von Papen.

Papen is now reported to be deaf in consequence of the explosion, and will find it more difficult to listen to the reports of the countless spies, saboteurs, propagandists and agents whom he has planted in Turkey under various guises.

Although neutral in the "real war," Turkey is mobilising as fast as the belligerents. Illuminated towns are little comfort to the inhabitants, who frequently hear German bombers in the sky. Is it peace when you must be on the alert every week, every day, wondering when the attack will come?

A Tough Nut

Or consider the position in which little Switzerland, the most peaceful country in the world, finds herself to-day.

She cannot enjoy the benefits of neutrality, surrounded, as she is, by countries under Axis domination.

"Why don't you annex Switzerland?" a German diplomat was recently asked, and he gave this impudent reply: "We are quite content with the present position; the four million Swiss are our prisoners."

But the Swiss do not regard themselves as prisoners at all. The little country which successfully rid itself of tyrants 650 years ago would be a tough nut for any invader to crack!

The Swiss citizen army keep their arms at home; but the ancient shot-guns of Swiss soldiers have recently been exchanged for modern tommy-guns. This peasant people of many tongues is ready to fight to the death rather than be conquered.

When recently two German prisoners of war trying to escape from a Canadian camp described themselves as "Swiss sailors," this was regarded as a joke. But there are Swiss sailors to-day on Swiss ships, bringing sorely needed supplies to Switzerland under the neutral flag. Many have died as victims of the indiscriminate U-boat war.

Swiss diplomats, even more than the Swiss people, are up to their necks "in the war."

A whole vast Swiss department has been created to house the thousands of Swiss officials looking after the interests of belligerents in "enemy countries."

But all the time the Swiss people are wondering how long even this uneasy neutrality will last.

When a large consignment of German gold was recently committed to the vaults of Swiss banks the directors were not pleased. Would not the Germans soon follow their gold?

Swedes are Worried

To neutral Sweden Germans have sent no gold.

They arrive frequently to fetch Swedish iron ore, and in exchange they are sending to Stockholm all their "peace-pedlars," rumour-mongers, emissaries and propagandists, whose task it is to confuse the world about German plans.

Stockholm is the centre of news from Germany and Russia, and the country often shakes under the impact of explosive stories which reach it from either side.

British and German journalists, who must keep their ears tuned in to these stories, have divided Stockholm into two parts, keeping to their own pubs, clubs, restaurants.

The Swedes watch the silent war on the propaganda battle-front. They are harassed and worried by psychological problems, torn between the desire to help their Norwegian blood brethren, the desire to dissuade their Finnish friends from their enforced German alliance, and the desire to preserve a precarious peace.

In the meantime they are training for war.

Think, too, of the predicament of neutral Spain, where people live in the ruins of houses destroyed in the civil war and listen anxiously to the war talk of their Fascist leaders.

Spain is in the grip of the *Gestapo*, overrun by Nazi agents who are even trying to poison the undaunted attempts of American philanthropists to save the Spanish from starvation.

Outwardly Switzerland still looks like a holiday paradise, but the people expect war round the corner at any moment

The benefactors are accused of influencing the Spanish people in favour of America and Britain, and, as far as Germany is concerned, millions of Spaniards shall rather perish than feel gratitude towards the great democracies.

Besides, any moment German agents may be followed by German troops, and a people too weak to work, too tired to fight, may be overrun.

Across the border of Spain, little Portugal is Europe's last "window on to America."

There the wretched victims of war in Europe gathered in a vain hope to escape overseas. They are stranded now that America has entered the war.

They are rubbing shoulders with arrogant Germans, who hold a Nazi watching brief in this neutral outpost of Europe.

Newsboy Rivals

Newsboys everywhere are offering well-known British papers for sale, competing in the battle of propaganda with their schoolmates selling German sheets.

In the capital, British diplomats are trying to preserve the 300 years' friendship between Portugal and this country.

Along the coastline German agents are observing the Battle of the Atlantic and trying to buy information which could be useful to their U-boats.

Sometimes huge bombers of the belligerent countries crash on Portuguese soil; sometimes shipwrecked victims of the sea war are washed ashore. War is nearly as close to the Portuguese as it is to the Germans in Germany.

Bewildered, frightened, worried, the neutrals have become playballs in the terrific clash of a vast war.

They are wondering whether it is not sheer mockery to say that they live in peace.

DON'T GIVE UP THE PAPER CHASE!

Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

WHITEHALL HELPS THE BLACK MARKET!

BLACK Market racketeers can now be sent to prison for fourteen years.

They can have their illicit profits forfeited as well.

That is good.

But we will still be left without a cure unless rationing is extended to everything that matters and much better arrangements are made for the control and distribution of food and other goods.

The Black Market has grown and flourished because so many regulations designed to stop it have been drafted in such a slipshod way.

Narrow it Down!

It is a common fallacy that the Black Markets are operated by a few shady financiers living in Mayfair.

They are operated by tens of thousands of people—actually, hundreds of thousands, if you weigh in the smallest fry—in every community in the kingdom.

If control and distribution is put right, it will narrow the whole wretched business down to criminals who would take the risks, whatever laws were passed. Then, the whole force of detection would be concentrated on them and the new heavy penalties would be the means by which they could be eliminated.

My investigators have been re-checking the ramifications of the Black Market.

Add together every crime in the peace time calendar—and Black Marketing dwarfs the lot.

Sufficient people to man two divisions of infantry, or staff three monster aircraft factories, are employed to put it down.

But see what Black Marketing has done in the last month.

Deals in rubber intended for children's Wellingtons and the fabric for children's winter coats.

Racketeers have bought up materials required by invalids—and treated them as raw materials for cosmetics.

They have stolen, and sold for use in cocktail bars, the oranges brought here for the children.

They have taken socks sent here by Canada for their troops.

Thefts from Red Cross

They have robbed our prisoners-of-war in Germany and Italy of comforts bought for them by the Red Cross.

They have cornered the few little luxuries you can expect in war time. Demanding gigantic prices for them (as you can when you have effected a "corner"), they have robbed the many of the little they expect in war time to give a surfeit to the few.

A reader sent us a newspaper the other day.

She had marked an advertisement:

"Chocolates, sweets wanted. Get some for us. We pay 3d. in the shilling above controlled prices, also postage.—Robin, 'Bowie,' Crakaig, Loth, Sunderland."

We look at other advertisements.

Somebody wants beeswax. "Spot cash waiting."

Beeswax, plus oils that you might want, one day, on your doctor's

Sir John Anderson, the Cabinet Minister now co-ordinating the tightening-up process on the Home Front, must see that control is put right, from the top down

orders—and find unprocurable!—makes cold cream.

The stupid official mind is really anxious to deal with these people—but, being stupid, it often helps them.

Inviting Trouble

Margarine coupons, used in the first part of the clothes rationing scheme, were stacked away on shelves instead of being pulped for salvage.

A few burglaries, and soon there was a bigger rush for clothing than the Board of Trade bargained for.

Utility clothing is being put on the market at a price 50-70 per cent. less than some of the profiteers would like you to pay.

The mark showing that it is Utility clothing is often put on a tab. It reads "CC 41."

The Black Market racketeer cuts a few stitches, removes the tab—and he can get what price he likes.

Coupons? The stupid official mind provides for that, too.

Your daily newspapers have told you of millions of clothing coupons lost because post-office clerks had to accept envelopes supposed to be full of such coupons without looking inside.

Result was that packets of blank pieces of cardboard were handed in.

A girl who should be given a bigger job had the guts to break the regulations and tear the envelope open—with the result that big frauds have been unmasked.

Coupons are no problem.

Board of Trade inspectors who descended on Romford (Essex) market found five traders selling boots, suits, frocks, rolls of cloth, anything you liked, without coupons.

Life is bound to be easy for Black Market racketeers when you have N.A.A.F.I. shops (as distinct from their canteens) selling goods unprocurable in the private shops of our towns and cities.

We sent a woman representative to make a test purchase in a N.A.A.F.I. shop at Salisbury.

Enlisting the services of an officer's wife, she bought a 7 lb. (hotel size) tin of fruit.

"Ah," N.A.A.F.I. might say, "but she had to buy it through an officer's wife."

They Have No Quota

But why should an officer's wife be able to buy, for all and sundry, goods big enough for large-size catering establishments?

These shops can have no quota, as the ordinary shopkeeper understands the term, because most of them didn't exist before the war.

Then how can they get stocks to enable them to sell so profligately in war time?

We are not accusing N.A.A.F.I. of Black Market operations—despite the fact that there have been sixty court convictions concerning N.A.A.F.I. employees in six months.

But we ARE accusing them of that carelessness on which Black Marketing thrives.

Then there's the auction racket.

Gin, 40s. a bottle; Brandy, 67s.; Whisky, 42s.; Sherry, 34s.

Army messes send representatives to buy. But they can't get a look in. For the Black Market buys—knowing that, whatever the price, there are fools who, at night clubs, will pay 5s. for a single brandy, 2s. 6d. for a single whisky.

The State tolerates these auctions. Why?

Surely it should be possible for control to be applied. Couldn't these remaining stocks be commandeered at a reasonable price and used for hospitals and places where they are really needed?

Yes, we welcome big penalties for big people. We are glad the big crooks will have to surrender their illicit profits as well as going to jail.

Here's a Solution

But we demand recognition of the fact that Black Marketing has far bigger ramifications than even officialdom—which, in its ignorance, often encourages it—imagines.

There are scores of thousands "in the racket."

It is so gigantic that it has become a corollary of our normal trading channels.

There is one solution.

There must be complete control of every commodity from the producer to the consumer every inch of the way.

There must be a resurvey of the powers of all the people who are fighting Black Marketing.

They must be given bigger powers all round.

Not only have most of the criminals of the country been attracted into the racket, but most of the "sharp boys" as well.

The victims are not members of the Government. Not departments. They are the people who are fighting or working to win this war—and their dependants who are doing their best to carry on on reduced incomes.

They demand sensible safeguards as well as heavy penalties.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

The reader who has been awarded this week's £1 1s. must, for special reasons, remain anonymous. Information he supplied is likely to have an interesting sequel.

Write to me about any matter calling for inquiry, marking envelopes "Public Benefactor."

One Fool can Start a Catastrophe

SIX men sat in a railway compartment—it doesn't matter where.

One was a representative of JOHN BULL.

Said a jovial-looking man in one of the window seats: "See that place over there? One of the most dangerous processes that used to be done at Woolwich Arsenal is being done there. I've got a brother in the place."

He was reminded of the "Careless Talk . . ." slogan.

"Oh, I make sure of my company before I give away secrets," he said with a laugh.

Like Hitler, he has intuition!

* * *

Another JOHN BULL *representative visited a vast arms works.*

"No need to tell you what happens in that hut," said the official who showed him round.

"Publication would help Hitler, and it wouldn't interest the public, anyhow."

Said the conductor of the 'bus that started at the factory gates: "See that hut? I bet you'd never guess what they are doing in there."

And promptly told.

* * *

"They are going to send some Manchester bombers here," said a small boy outside a new aerodrome.

Four days later Manchester bombers arrived.

* * *

It is no secret, now, that big reinforcements have been sent to the Far East.

Certain people in Leigh-on-Sea, Essex, had very early intimation of some of these movements, actual names of units being mentioned.

They happened to be in a hairdresser's shop when a talkative member of the Tank Corps called for a haircut.

* * *

Our letters provide similar examples.

One reader learned from a ship's engineer on a 'bus the date his convoy had reached England, the casualties inflicted on it, and when the man was leaving again—and from where.

The last detail might not have proved true. There are such things as sealed orders, and arrangements are often altered.

But, without a single question being asked, this seaman added information about the preparations being made to take soldiers overseas, the sea-routes usually taken on similar journeys to avoid submarines, and much equally as dangerous.

Later, from a naval man, and also in a public vehicle, this same reader learned the name of the man's ship, where it was berthed, and what other vessels were near it.

Sailors, as a rule, need no lectures on "Careless Talk." But this one fool could have brought disaster to thousands of them.

* * *

Also from a reader:

"Dozens of my friends have been wondering whether they will be able to get war-jobs at the huge new aircraft factory that is going to be built in the district.

"Everybody knew the details, before the place was little more than a bare site.

"Who tells?"

* * *

Yes, who tells?

Just a few hundred wiseacres in the first place—to impress their friends with their knowledge.

Then hundreds of thousands of other fools pass the news on.

And men die. . . .

STRANGER THAN FICTION . . . By WALDO KELLAR

The Man who Ruined Nations

Hay could do no wrong. Gold came to him in piles. He was embarrassed by the bulk and weight of it. And so he had his great idea..

IF we stopped to consider the possible consequences of our actions, we should stand still for ever, not daring to move for fear of upsetting the universe. We are all agents of vast and incalculable powers. A baby's sneeze may upset a throne: a laugh may bathe a nation in blood.

Have you ever paused to think, for example, how the twinkling eyes of Anne Boleyn crippled the Catholic Church in England and, in due course, built the British Empire? There must have been one tiny moment when one twinkle, one smile, tipped the balance and brought Henry VIII to his knees.

Thinking of the tremendousness of trivialities, I find myself remembering the story of a man named Hay, a Scotsman, a bit of an adventurer, a shady character on the whole; who, during a game of cards in the eighteenth century, managed, by an inspiration of Heaven or of Hell, to throw an inescapable influence over the subsequent history of the whole world.

Yes—this card-flipper and dice-tosser, making a big win under the guttering candles in a dim gambling-den, hit upon the greatest combination of constructive and destructive forces this earth has ever seen.

In that split second when he turned up that winning ace and reached out his elegantly kept hands for the gold on the table, he sowed the seeds of empires and fecundated ten thousand million eggs of envy, hatred, malice, and treachery. He threw a net over all mankind.

He was a gambler by vocation, with all the characteristics of the gambler—a faith in luck, a certain fascinated tenacity, a ruffianly boldness, a calmness in crisis, a faculty for resigning himself to Fate, and at the same time adapting himself.

He was a player of the complex card-games of the eighteenth century. Nowadays, he might have been a professional bridge-player—or a manipulator of stocks and shares; there is a certain similarity between the two.

He had come from Scotland to London to make his fortune, with nothing but a fine figure, a handsome face, and a suave manner to build on. He became a professional gambler, and something considerably less creditable. His charms were irresistible to elderly ladies of fortune; he made the most of them.

Then he got into trouble. He succeeded a certain gentleman of similar type in the affections of a faded lady of wealth; fought a duel. Hay was a handy man with the smallsword. He left his opponent dead; ran away; was caught and thrown into jail; escaped, and got to France.

HE had some money about him. He decided to invest it in his profession, and so, keeping up an appearance of great wealth and high birth, went to one of the resorts of the great gamblers of Europe. There, at the tables where gentlemen staked their fortunes day and night, vast sums changed hands on the roll of dice or the turn of cards.

Hay was cold-headed. He was a good player. It isn't on record that he cheated. He won by skill. Soon, Hay went to the tables attended by a man whose duty it was to carry the great sums in gold which he habitually staked on his games.

He had made friends with many great, noble, idle gentlemen. Among them there was a personage of the House of France, a prince of the blood royal. Hay stayed on friendly terms with him: he knew the value of an influential contact. Hay lent money to the gentleman. Hay never asked for it back.

And so we come to one of the greatest nights in history . . . the night when Hay struck a streak of what the old Mississippi tinhorns used to call "nigger luck"—crazy luck, fantastic luck. Hay could do no wrong. Gold came to him in piles. He was embarrassed by the bulk and weight of it. And so he had his great idea

Gold is heavy. Yes. But why not use, as a symbol of gold, something lighter . . . something representative of a gold-value . . . something immediately exchangeable for gold. A piece of tin, for example; or a piece of paper. . . .

AND thus came the gambling-chip. The idea swelled. A bit of tin or paper can be redeemable for gold across a table. The player trusts to the cashier for the value, in gold, stated on the face of his counter. Then why not a system of money, in paper, redeemable in gold coin from the King? Why not printed paper instead of minted gold? If the I.O.U. could be valid between gentlemen—why could it not be similarly valid between the Government and the people?

Hay left the gambling-house. He went to Paris. He was introduced to the King of France. He laid out his scheme. Call in the gold! Reissue certificates, bits of paper, notes! Make paper notes the medium of exchange, on the word of the King! Set gold free for vaster foreign speculations!

The idea caught. The King of France issued the very first paper-money.

Values had begun to rot and totter. Commerce had begun to come down to words on paper.

Corruption set in almost at once. The gold foundation, under the control of a wildly irresponsible King, slipped away from beneath the issued paper-money. Inflation reared its head like a puff-adder in a wilderness.

Hay, who had become vastly important to the finances of France, then played a master-card.

He evolved the first great bucket-shop. He started the first great company with its issue of shares. This was the Mississippi Company. France, in those days, owned a portion of America. Hay sent out prospectuses outlining the fabulous wealth of the Mississippi River. There was gold under every stone . . . friendly Indians . . . superb fields of wheat and corn. . . . Invest in the Mississippi! Buy a share in this inexhaustible well-spring of riches! Easy money, free money, money for nothing!—simply buy shares and Mr. Hay will do the rest!

FRANCE went mad, raving mad. The first issue of Mississippi shares sold out. Their value increased as people became infected with the fever. Shares boomed. They reached fabulous values. Ladies pawned their jewels, mortgaged their homes, and betrayed their husbands to get Mississippi shares. Hay became a power greater than the King.

The bubble swelled until it filled France.

Then came a rumour.

Shareholders in the Mississippi suddenly wanted to sell their holdings. They rushed Hay's offices. The value of the shares dropped sickeningly. There was, of course, no real money, or money's-worth, to back those wild issues of stock. The bubble trembled. France went mad with a different madness. . . . Fear. The bubble burst. A howl of rage shook Europe. The King blamed Hay. Hay was thrown into jail, for the second time in his life.

Somehow he got away again, leaving the ruins of France behind him. He returned to England.

THE genius of printed paper, in the form of playing-cards or share-certificates, had developed a kind of religious belief in the system which had sprung out of that bright idea on the night of the lucky break.

He came into England—dangerous, mysteriously influential as that first rat of Asia which brought ashore the first germ of the Black Death. *Paper money! Paper shares! Paper! Paper! Paper!*

The germ bit England. We also had our Tom Tiddler's ground . . . the South Seas. There, in those fabled islands, those mysterious Indies, there lay all the richness of the earth. So there came the South Sea Company, and another fierce fever of speculation . . . and English men gambled their lands, and English ladies lost their jewels, homes, and more; and the South Sea shares soared, boomed, zoomed. . . .

And crashed. And that was the South Sea Bubble, which shattered half England when it burst.

And with the bursting of that Bubble, Hay burst, too. He was old, now. Discredited, hated, and utterly finished, he went away to die.

Hay was one of the most terrible men that ever saw daylight.

Yet much of his influence on your life and mine had its beginning in the gentle flip of a card in a high-class gaming-house in the seventeen-hundreds.

ARE YOU WASTING AMMUNITION?

ONLY a small bone. Nobody will miss it. So it goes on the fire.

Only a cigarette carton. What difference would that make to winning the war? So it is thrown into the dustbin.

Useless things, you might imagine.

So let an expert of the Salvage and Recovery Board of the Ministry of Supply tell you about their usefulness.

★ ★ ★

You won't wonder why it is now an offence punishable with imprisonment or fines to destroy paper.

You'll wonder why people aren't compelled to salve everything that will help us to win this war.

Since the war broke out, 500,000 tons of paper has been thrown into dustbins and rendered irrecoverable.

It would have made 50,000,000 *containers for anti-aircraft shells.*

Then 39,000 tons of bones have been discarded as "not worth bothering about."

Sufficient to make high explosives for half a dozen major battles.

Scrap metal weighing 150,000 tons has been lost in the nation's dustbins.

And that would make 7,500 *cruiser tanks or* 150 *destroyers.*

Add 450,000 tons of kitchen waste lost in the same way—*sufficient to rear* 500,000 *pigs for pork.*

And Russia would have liked the thousands of blankets our 25,000 tons of discarded woollen rags would have yielded.

You are not a salvage saboteur. But perhaps you haven't always realised how all-important it is to save everything that is not entirely useless.

★ ★ ★

If you realise it now, teach others.

Become a salvage steward for your street, and receive an official certificate of authority. It is one of the most important jobs of the war.

Call at your council offices and say you want to become one. You will be welcomed with open arms. Or write.

Human Machine

ALL AGREED

A military critic said the other day: "Not a few of us seem to have a horror of thinking; yet it is thoughts as much as bullets which win battles."

Emerson said that it is thought "which takes men out of servitude into freedom."

Descartes, the great French philosopher, made no bones about it. Thought, to him, was the one irrefutable proof of existence. "I think, therefore I am," he said.

"A thought by thought is piled," said Shelley, "till some great truth is loosened, and the nations echo round, shaken to their roots."

Byron called the power of thought "the Magic of the Mind."

Carlyle said that the arrival of a great Thinker in the world was, in every epoch, "the great event, the parent of all others."

Homer spoke of "the glory of a firm, capacious mind."

Kipling said that "a man's mind is wont to tell him more than Seven Watchmen sitting in a tower."

The Roman poet Ovid said: "The mind alone cannot be exiled," and "It is the mind that makes the man."

They've said it in every age.

They're all agreed.

Why won't we, too, think?

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

BEING wounded in action is rarely as dramatic a business as the films portray—especially among the British.

Private F. Holdsworth (4540489), of the Middle East Forces, has been wounded by a hand-grenade, and writes to his parents at Marshall Street, Little Horton, Bradford, to tell them all about it:

Some silly man went and threw the grenade right at me—I don't know why.

I had walked about two miles from the battle to get a medical officer to put some nice bandages on me when a couple of tanks hove into sight, and a nice young officer sprang out of one.

Speaking to me as if I were a traffic cop, he said: "Excuse me, but could you direct us to the fighting? We can hear it all right, but we are blank well beaten when it comes to finding it."

"PERSONAL REPAIRS"

And here's another letter from a wounded Tommy. Always a keen footballer, Sergt. C. Cordwell writes from No. 1 General Hospital, Middle East, giving a referee-friend more than a hint that he will never be able to play again:

I am undergoing personal repairs. I got fairly well chewed up in a bit of a "do."

My left leg had a few hunks of old iron in it and a broken bone in the knee. But I should be able to walk and run. Maybe I'll be able to take up reffing and give you a little competition.

Oh, for Hackney Marshes! Let anybody tell me old England isn't worth fighting for! Wait till we've finished this job and we get down to matches on the old Marshes again! I shall find it much less trouble watching than running around.

DRIFTED 100 MILES

And now an adventure off far-away French North Africa. Sergt.-Pilot W. Lloyd Smith writes to his mother, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth:

We crashed at 3 p.m. Our front gunner was killed and I was knocked out, but recovered on touching water.

The rear gunner couldn't swim, but I helped him to the dinghy. We reckoned we were about sixty miles from land, but drifted about 100 miles down the coast.

We had to discard our flying boots and trousers for our six-day trip to the coast, and had only our shirts and coats on. Rations: no water and one piece of chocolate, six biscuits and fifteen malted tablets for each.

We sighted land on the fourth day, and that saved us drinking salt water.

We had faith—and when we felt the breakers under us decided to leave our 5 ft 9 in. craft and swim for it. We were thrown ashore.

TONS OF RATIONS

There are no food problems in a part of the Libyan battlefields recently captured from Rommel, according to a letter to Mr. David Colgrave, Downton, near Salisbury, from a friend at an advanced headquarters. It says:

Food, which is good and plentiful, is strongly reinforced by the tons of captured German and Italian rations. In addition, the desert is littered with captured tanks and mechanical transport.

But the weather has been terrible for ten days. No sign of the sun for weeks—and this the desert! Rain has turned the sands into a quagmire over which terrifically cold winds sweep.

TRACED!

Shots were fired at night at a lonely British encampment near the North-West frontier of India.

European and Pacific battlefields were so many hundreds of miles away that it seemed ridiculous to suppose these regular nightly attacks were the result of enemy action.

Then a young Sherlock Holmes among the British officers got busy. Thomas Harwood, one of the garrison, writes to his parents at Craigpark Drive, Dennistoun, Glasgow, telling them how the mystery was solved:

Suspicion had fallen on a so-called friendly tribesman, paid by the British to go out at night, armed with rifle and ammunition, to patrol the surrounding mountains.

So, when he came to draw his ammunition, the young officer I mention put a few tracer bullets among it.

There was more firing on the camp that night, but there were two distinct flashes of the kind made by tracers.

Not a shot has been fired at the camp since this Fifth Columnist was suitably dealt with.

NATURE'S AQUARIUM

Learning to fly against Goering's Luftwaffe is Wilmot, the son of Mrs. J. Lowes, of Gammons Lane, Watford. He writes from the flying school at Georgia, U.S.:

It is hard work. We get up at 5.15 a.m., have breakfast by six, and start work almost straight away. Although we are allowed out from Saturday noon till 8.45 p.m. Sunday, our nights have to be spent in school or otherwise at study.

We had invitations to Silver Springs as the guests of the Mayor of Ocala. There are about twenty springs, providing the clearest water in the world to depths up to 80 ft. Water gushes at the rate of 800,000,000 gallons *a day*.

We were taken over the springs in glass-bottomed boats, enabling us to look down and see the fishes, turtles and other underwater creatures just as clearly as if there were no water at all. I managed to coil a 6 ft. snake round my neck.

★ If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Service letters are returned. Address: "Voice." JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SMITH FAMILY MOSCOW: IV . . .

Culture Soviet

SCENE: The massive club-house at the tank factory where father, mother and son of Moscow's average Petrov family work.

Occasion: A discussion on the subject, "Why Russia has a fighting spirit."

Imagine it. The three Petrovs and other workers snatching a brief hour for a culture-talk after coming off their shift in a debating room dwarfed by the teeming communal club life going on around

Under the same roof is a theatre, a cinema, rooms with experts in charge for instruction in the arts like the ballet and music, study and rest rooms, foreign language class-rooms, buffets.

Even chemical laboratories, where young Petrov can go and experiment. With keen-eyed instructors watching him, because if he shows special talent in some branch of science he will be taken out of that factory and sent to a university.

Cripps Anecdote

Ivan Grigorovich Petrov leads off the discussion with a delicious story attributed to Sir Stafford Cripps.

Sir Stafford, so the story goes, was motoring through Moscow with a member of the British Military Mission.

Their driver was doing his best to avoid jay-walkers crossing the road any-old-where in a hurry to get about their business.

"You'd think," said the soldier, "the road belonged to these blessed people."

"It does," replied Sir Stafford, "and they know it. That's what they're fighting for!"

Petrov quoted it as giving in one sentence the essence of the first answer to why Russia has a fighting spirit.

And in case that made the Russians, with their jay-walking propensity, sound too undisciplined to obey, Petrov told another story.

It related that a friend of Sir Stafford's motored for hundreds of miles along the road from Moscow towards Minsk when the Nazi panzer columns were sweeping past that White Russian town shortly after the invasion at terrifying pace, as they did in France and Belgium.

Sir Stafford's friend met streams of retreating Red Army men with the road to themselves.

Not once in those hundreds of miles did he see a civilian refugee, let alone a panic-stricken one.

They had, unless already evacuated to a man, woman and child obeyed orders to stay where they were, to scorch the earth and otherwise do their bit in the enemy rear.

A Red Army man, guest at the club, agreed that that took some beating, but said the French and Belgian refugees couldn't be blamed.

The Russians were lucky—they had had twenty years of discipline, at first unpleasant, but later a willing self-discipline when they saw where it was getting them.

They Built New Order

In those twenty years they had built a New Order with their own brains and hands, and so more easily appreciate what they were fighting for than those whose birthright was largely won for them by their ancestors.

The same all-one-family-fighting spirit, said the Red Army man, is encouraged by an honours system without class or rank distinction.

The Orders of Lenin or of the Red Banner may equally be worn by Timoshenko as the outstanding general or by the humblest man in his armies as the best private or the humblest efficient factory worker who supplies their armies.

Field-Marshal and valiant probationer nurse may equally hold the title of Hero of the Soviet Union.

Her armies address their C.-in-C. as "Comrade Field-Marshal," and that they can "take" such total democracy without it going to their heads is evidenced by the now-proven discipline of the Red Armies.

Seventeen-year-old Mikhail Petrov of Komsomol (Young Communist League) with a boy's passion for postage stamps says the Soviet's stamps inspire the Komsomols, both boys and girls, to love their country and aspire to emulate its leaders.

These patriotic stamps glorify the "do things" people. He pulls out a sheaf of them.

They symbolise achievement.

Honoured on Stamps

Among his collection are those of a Red Army man, a Red Navy man, an airman (commemorating the 7,200-mile record Arctic flight), a guerilla, a cavalry trooper, merchant sailor, factory worker, collective farmer, women leaders and heroines, and constructive nation-figures of the past like General Suvorov whose film story is now showing in Britain.

Young Petrov, with a student's love of statistics, asks who wouldn't have a fighting spirit in a country which in twenty years has:

Increased its scholars from eight to thirty-five million annually, its clubs from

President Kalinin presenting the Order of Lenin to General I. Tyulenev. The same decoration may be won by a private soldier or factory worker

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

BLACK MARKET profiteers rob the decent taxpayer of his rations. The decent taxpayers have to pay the cost of imprisoning them. Every sentence on such racketeers should include the words: "—— and shall pay the whole cost of his detention."—A. Race, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

* * *

At a ploughing contest at Thetford a pair of bullocks finished half an hour before any team of horses. Why not, therefore use bullocks for ploughing? The horse will never become food.—J. S., Coventry.

* * *

Local woman (I have her name and address) employed selling greengrocery has been directed to do work of national importance—serving in a sweets and tobacco shop with a notice concerning shortage of supplies displayed on the door.—J. Reynall, J.P., Torr Road, Penge, S.E.

* * *

There are record sales of coupon-free linens in the London shops. These fabrics can be turned into clothing. Who is foolish enough to believe they are wanted for pillows, sheets, tablecloths, etc.?—Lilian G. Hempel, Kensington Court Gardens, W.8.

* * *

On a recent Saturday, 25,000 Government typists had to sit for an exam. to decide which were worth 5s. a week more—which could surely have been decided without waste of so many typists and so much paper.—J. Grieve, Ealing, W.

* * *

Stop theatre programmes. Employ compères. They are better, brighter—and save paper!—J. Morris, Reighton Road, Clapton, E.9.

. . . By JOHN CASHEL

...e Unites ...et People

...ndred times to 100,000, its libraries six ...es, its theatres five times, its books ...ht times, and its newspaper circula... ...ns twenty times, its universities and ...lleges ten times and their students six ...es to over 700,000, its wireless broad... ...sting stations to nearly ninety.

From all these sources, save those in ...emy hands, he hears love of country ...ing propagandised and forged into ...hting spirit till not one Quisling is ...t!

An actress drops in from the club ...eatre

She puts the inspirational case for the ...eatre, which sends national ballet, ...ther than jazz and red-nosed ...medians, right up to within a few ...iles of the front lines, the perform... ...ces sometimes taking place under ...ell fire.

The Soviet Government, she empha... ...es, considers Culture of the Theatre ...fighting weapon.

When the Germans' biggest guns were ...thin range of Moscow, the opera, the ...llet and the play carried on, among ...e performances those of three plays of Shakespeare, who is Comrade Stalin's favourite dramatist.

Those with the slenderest purses could afford to see them. The play from one-and-sixpence, the opera and the ballet from about three shillings. Cinemas from ninepence.

The science master in charge of the club laboratory thought the fighting spirit was greatly helped by the competitive spirit now introduced into almost every phase of Soviet life.

He instanced the new Stalin Prizes recently instituted for wartime creative work.

These vary from £1,000 to £8,000 each, and are offered for outstanding works and inventions in numerous branches of science, invention, art and literature, preference being given to patriotic works and discoveries assisting the war effort.

Woman's Last Word

Mrs. Petrov added the woman's last word to the discussion.

Her fighting spirit sprung from the knowledge that she enjoyed equal rights with any man in the country.

She went farther. She argued that in the simple everyday things of her home and working life she enjoyed greater freedom than women in other countries.

The Soviet women's fighting spirit, she thought, began with what they saw was done for the children.

But here we'll leave average Mrs. Petrov, fighting fit. Her kiddies deserve an article all to themselves. So—

NEXT WEEK:
Children: Pride of the Soviet.

SWAFFER'S BRAIN TRUST

...RE GAS TESTS SILLY?

I read, every now and then, that some local authority has conducted a ...rprise gas test, that tear gas has been ...leased in the streets, and that pedes... ...ians without gas-masks have become ...casualties" for Civil Defence workers ...practise on.

Surely the carrying of gas-masks ...ould either be made compulsory or all ...is sort of thing should stop.

It may be arranged to amuse the ...ayor. It may give first-aid people ...mething to do.

But it has no effect on the people who ...ve not carried their gas-masks. They ...ill leave them at home.

Nor am I surprised. So far, gas has ...ver been used once in this war, and ...til it is—and the Germans are ...arcely likely to use it until they are as ...ll supplied with gas-masks as we are—... one will get scared.

Even Governments can cry "Wolf" too ...ten.

...O WE FEAR INVASION?

Similar reasons explain why few take ... more seriously the story that there ...ll be an invasion in the Spring than ...ey did the Premier's statement that ...ere might be one last September.

We are told, time after time, that there ...s been "another successful raid" on ...e invasion ports.

People naturally argue that, if these ...ve been as effective as we are led to ...lieve, it will be impossible for the ...rmans to embark a sufficient force.

...HOULD WE TRUST STATISTICS?

For instance, the Ministry of Econo... ...mic Warfare has for months pro... ...ced most formidable figures which ...emed to prove that Germany was ...ally in a very bad way—short of oil or ...trol, metal or rubber, food or medical ...pplies.

I have no doubt these statements are ...ade in all good faith. Yet Germany ...s gone on month after month and ...though, of course, nobody can foresee ...en she will crack, there seems to be ... sign of it yet.

Yet these figures, which I have heard ...cially explained in detail, are prepared after the most careful compilation and analysis.

Much more consoling than these is the last Goebbels "pep" speech.

"It looks as if the German people have lost their nerve," he wrote in an article that was broadcast. He spoke of the "lost tempers" and how people seldom smiled or were nice to one another!

WHY WAS HONG KONG KEPT SECRET?

● Although no one can say of us that we have lost our nerve, the nation badly needed such a reminder as the terrible story of what followed the Hong Kong surrender.

This was held back, I am told, for a month. The alleged reason is that Whitehall did not want to disturb minds in the Dutch East Indies, where war was spreading.

I should have thought it would induce even fiercer resistance.

Then came the threat to India, which had to be told that, in the mass ill-treatment, no race or colour escaped the Japanese ruthlessness.

Yet the very morning the public read the story of Hong Kong in the papers—"Remember Hong Kong"—the parson who conducted the 10.15 a.m. service on the air asked listeners to pray for their enemies!

THEY CAN'T MAKE UP THEIR MINDS

By HUMANIST

THERE is a story about a young philosopher who wrote a full explanation of the universe. As he grew older he found it necessary to cut out the passages about which he was not sure. Year after year the process went on, until he reached a ripe old age. When he eventually died, all that was left of his explanation was the first word —"If."

My problem is that I seem unable to make up my mind (*writes a young man*). **I hear one side of an argument and entirely agree, but when I hear the other side I agree with that also.**

I realise that such a state of mind is deplorable if one wants to get on. Is there any way in which I can conquer this tendency to waver and hesitate? I don't want to be a "yes-man" all my life.

And here is a similar problem from another man, although it concerns a girl:

I am engaged to a very charming girl (*he writes*). **We have many tastes in common.**

Since inviting her to meet my folk, however, I find that although she had previously agreed with me in my unorthodox views, she makes no attempt to support me in family discussions.

In other words, she prefers to be agreeable rather than enter into an argument, and often contradicts me before the family.

I am wondering if the fault is mine and if we should make a success of marriage with this barrier between us.

I fancy this young man secretly accuses his fiancee of being like a chameleon, adapting herself to the "colour" of her surroundings, becoming red when he talks red, and blue when blue is the prevailing colour.

A little Miss Echo, in fact.

Would the marriage be a success? That depends what the man expects.

So long as they keep on the intellectual plane, well and good; but emotions are always liable to distort the issue.

And what advice can be offered to the first man, who sees both sides of every argument?

Simply that he should do a little quiet thinking every day.

If he must read his daily paper, let him challenge every sentence in the leading article.

When he does not agree—and that must happen now and then—let him write a letter to the editor, putting his own point of view as briefly as he can.

Is there any way in which I can conquer this tendency to waver and hesitate?

He need not post the letter every time. The practice of getting one's thoughts down in black and white is an excellent way of clarifying the brain.

HERE are some extracts from a letter from a woman reader:

Although I have reached the age of 47 (*she says*), **I have never voted in my life. I wish you could tell me how to find the best man to vote for when the time comes.**

I read the newspapers, of course, and listen to the canvassers, but when each side tells you the other is no good, what are you to do?

I think it is wrong to avoid voting. In a democratic State everybody has a share in choosing the Government, but if the vote is wasted, one might as well be under a dictatorship.

The election addresses should be read carefully and critically. If there is a serious matter which has been passed over, I should frame a question which requires a plain "Yes" or "No." The question could be asked at a public meeting or sent by post.

The candidate who declines to answer a straight question, either personally or through one of his supporters, is hardly worthy of a vote.

THERE is room for one more letter on a different subject:

The wireless comedians have been leaving the stammerers alone lately (*says a reader*), **but they are ridiculing the unfortunate people who have eye-afflictions.**

I am just recovering from a severe illness and was listening to the wireless last night, but as I happen to suffer from eye-trouble I nearly broke my heart with crying. Only those who suffer from these afflictions know how badly it hurts. I wish it could be stopped.

Comedians will stop joking about a subject the moment people stop laughing. For some reason or other, it is a habit to laugh at misfortunes—stammering, deafness, squints, bow-legs, excessive fatness, even at mental troubles.

When the public receives such jokes in icy silence they will be dropped.

Why don't we hear jokes about blindness? Simply because the public would not stand for it.

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a post-bag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

TOTAL WAR

"WE hadn't enough ammunition, that's why we had to give way. We were desperately outnumbered, with our guns pointing all the wrong way. We were shorn of air protection, but our Men were Magnificent!" And all this Grand Forlorn Glory is caused by Impediment.

"WE weren't prepared at the onset; things have had to be improvised." This is all such wearying jargon and so unconvincingly disguised. For we know there's a whole lot of people creeping from tasks they should do, while our ships go down, and fresh gaps are made where the enemy can pour through.

WE mean to have rock-bottom sharing, for no other method will do. Life will sweep aside all the good-time folk before this War is Won through. This is not Class Distinction nor Revolution rearing its head; it's the Labour Pains of Humanity breaking through a World that is Dead.

SO it's Total War or Disaster, let no one deluded be. This is Civilisation's Chance to Make Good—or Go Down to Hell's Custody.

J. M.

PEARL

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President and Chairman.

SEVENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT FOR YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER, 1941.

TOTAL INCOME £20,585,003

TOTAL CLAIMS PAID £155,738,429

(including £9,567,002 during 1941)

FUNDS £117,248,840

BONUSES

In the ORDINARY BRANCH a bonus of £1 per £100 assured was declared on policies entitled to participate in full profits that become claims by death or maturity during 1942.

In the INDUSTRIAL BRANCH a bonus has been declared on policies, with certain exceptions, effected before 1st January, 1935, that become claims by death or maturity during 1942. Up to date a total sum of over £6,900,000 has been allocated for bonuses to policyholders in this Branch.

The bonus for 1940 in both Branches is continued unchanged for claims during 1942.

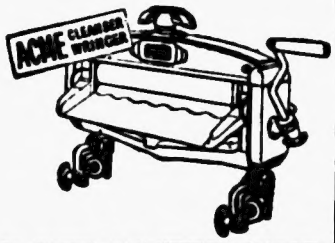
GOOD
Fruit and Sugar make good **FOOD**

BATGER'S 'CHINESE' FIGS

Can that be the Rectory?

It's more like a laundry. And, of course, it is. You can't accommodate twenty small evacuees without telling the world it's

washing day . . . And they've only one Acme at the Rectory—and no chance of buying another till after the war. But that's what's happening to Acmes all over the country—they're standing up to mountains of extra war-work but never complaining . . .



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THE LAST LAUGH

G. B. (Sittingbourne).—"When he saw the picture I had painted, he clapped his hands." Over his eyes?

V. T. (Liverpool).—"Have you noticed how beautifully telephone exchange girls talk, sounding every letter clearly?" Well it wouldn't do for one to say she was sowwy you'd been twoubled.

N. C. (Ockendon).—"If it wasn't for my eyesight, I would have no hesitation in volunteering for flying duties in the R.A.F." See letter below.

MRS. C. (Ockendon). — "My hubby has a poor head for heights. He even turns giddy when helping me to hang the curtains." See letter above.

D. B. (Chelmsford).—"Do you realise that it is possible to get sunstroke even in February or March?". No, but that must be welcome news for those who are really fond of the complaint.

E. Y. (Northampton).—"I once fought a duel on the Continent and both my opponent and myself fired into the air" It is a tribute to the steadiness of your nerves that neither of you missed.

G. C. (Rugeley).—"Always keep a watch for pickpockets when in London." It is so disappointing for a pickpocket to find you have only a bunch of keys at the end of your watch-chain.

J. S. (East Anglia).—"When the German raider machine-gunned the river, several dead fish floated to the surface." We trust you resisted the temptation to tell your friends you caught them.

GORDON (London, W.1).—"The curtain rose on the first performance ten minutes earlier than had been advertised." So it was true that a famous film actress made her stalls entrance shining her torch on her face?

J. J. (Launceston). — "Many ordinary business men are responsible for some really clever inventions." This may be so. But as a general rule wives find out.

V. N. (Hampstead).—"I caught the shoplifter stealing a shirt from the counter and instead of giving him in charge I punched him on the nose." You took the shirt away and gave him socks instead.

F. E. (Grantham).—"I was singing my second song when the makeshift stage collapsed and I disappeared from the view of the audience." Were you accompanied by your friend at the piano?

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"That old road to Chungking weren't arf as good as this 'un."

GARDENER (Peterborough).—"Snowdrops are peeping bravely above the ground." Taking advantage of the Luftwaffe lull.

OLIVE (Richmond).—"I always make a point of dancing all the latest dances." We prefer the early ones so that we can get home for a good night's rest.

A. T. (Thornaby).—"I have been told I shall have to tighten my belt but I'm not worrying." You have no belt?

H. U. (Ellesmere).—"Whisky is, of course, much too expensive nowadays." Still, we're hoping to see a drop before bedtime.

D. Y. (Blackburn).—"I have found out that the records of my neighbours are not particularly good." It's probable that they play them too long with the same needle.

GLADYS (Morden).—"I am now over fifty, but men seem as anxious as ever to catch my eye." Waitress, eh?

S. D. (Milford Haven).—"What have Hitler and his generals up their sleeves for the Spring offensive?" We strongly suspect arms.

MISS K. (Burnley).—"It is a libel on our sailors to say they swear. I have known many sailors and very few of them use bad language." And those who do have probably picked it up from their parrots.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side Slips."

THE STAR: — "Winning the British title many times, he CAPTURED the Olympic team in Berlin."

THE EVENING CITIZEN: — "... she pleaded guilty to having stolen in the ——— Hotel a handbag containing JEWELLER, bank-book and pension order-book."

Result of "BULLETS" 1,313

FIRST PRIZE £50

C. H. Groves, 4, Parson's Fee, Aylesbury, Bucks.
Example: **OUGHT TO BE SHOT**
Bullet: **TRUANT WORKER YELLING "SHOOT"**

£20: W. B. Young, 96, Barrow Road, Streatham, S.W.16.
Example: **Whitehall Wants**
Bullet: **Another Nelson "At Top."**

£10: G. Ashton McKenny, 10, Marine Drive, Barton-on-Sea, Hants.
Example: **Bit Of Old Iron**
Bullet: **That We'll *Retire*, Resolve.**

£5: D. Bennett, 40, Rehgas Road, Edinburgh.
At The Empire's Gates— "Battering-ram"— Janitors "Polishing Knobs"!

£4: H. L. Sawyer, 15, Redford Avenue, Thornton Heath, Surrey.
To Help The War—Remove "Gloves" And "Mufts"!

£3: W. Smith, c/o Barbour, 15, Cochrane Street, Kilbirnie, Ayrshire.
Having A Fine Time— "Swing" Leader, Lead Swinger.

£2: G. Beaumont, Thorban, Gernhill Avenue, Lightridge Road, Fixby, Huddersfield.
Comforting—"Changing Seats" [illegible] "Boat."

30s.: T. Boardman, 23, Hall Street, Newcastle, Staffs.
To Help The War—Lay Off "Day Off"!

30s.: J. Scott, 55, St. Paul's Road, Salisbury, Wilts.
Our Tanks—"Chariots" Modern Boadicea *Building*.

30s.: H. B. Slater, 8, Melstock Road, King's Heath, Birmingham.
Dig For Victory And—*Then* Criticise Greengrocer's Prices!

30s.: F. Horsby, 24, Elm Street, Ellesmere Port, Cheshire.
Not A Sound—After Hector Chooses "Mouthpiece."

30s.: A. E. Pocock, 1, Wilmer Road, Shipley, Yorks.
Dig For Victory And—Sow, Hoe, Show Crow!

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of [illegible] can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

87 CASH PRIZES

WON IN XWORD No. 235

WINNING WORDS: 1. Viola. 2. List. 3. Slum. 4. Tanker. 5. Boil. 6. Rile. 7. Veining. 8. Copra. 9. Wars. 10. Crash. 11. Bigot. 12. Cold. 13. Canon. 14. Post.

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£33 CASH shared between 70 Runners-up.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE £340

GREATEST OF THESE

● "Following an operation for cancer my wife has been bedridden for six months. I could not get anyone to look after her so had to give up my job to do so," writes Joshua Wilson, who served in the last war and twelve months in the present. He has lived abroad twenty-three years, served with the Colonial Forces. Six sons and daughters, all married, are in Australia.

In these difficult circumstances all this distressed man can do is to endeavour to keep the home going on an allowance from the P.A.C.

Will you send a donation to help these people in their dire need? Donations, earmarked "Existence," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses.

We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

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UP-TO-DATE!

Everybody's vital need to-day—and this is confirmed by medical opinion everywhere—is not merely a nerve tonic or temporary stimulant, but something which combines the power of a tonic with the restorative, sustaining, protective properties of a vitamin food.

YESTAMIN—rich in Vitamin B, proteins and tonic power—fulfils all these demands, also it safeguards against Colds and 'FLU. Start taking this genuine Vitamin Food NOW—*entirely free from drugs.* Two tablets with each meal and two extra at bedtime—and very soon you will find your health improved in every way at a cost of—think of it—only a penny a day.

Of all Chemists

YESTAMIN

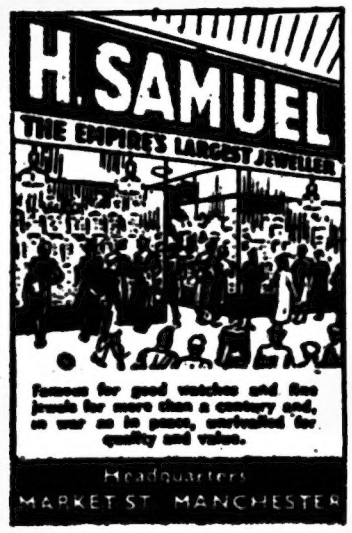
Vitamin Yeast Tablets

100 for 1/3, 225 for 2/6, 300 for 3/3.

The English Grains Co., Ltd., Burton-on-Trent.

WHY DOCTORS ADVISE LIQUID LAXATIVE

The sensitive lining of the stomach and bowels was never meant to be dosed with aperient chemicals and drugs in solid form. That is why the laxative you give your children or take yourself should always be in liquid form. It is safer and surer in action. This is one reason why doctors and nurses say give your child 'California Syrup of Figs.' Most tasty of all laxatives, this pure fruit product never fails to clean the system, easily, painlessly, completely. Obtainable everywhere. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.


H. SAMUEL
THE EMPIRE'S LARGEST JEWELLER
Famous for good watches and fine jewels for more than a century and, as ever as in peace, unrivalled for quality and value.
Headquarters
MARKET ST MANCHESTER

£1 25 ALL-CASH OFFER

FOR 'John Bull' X-WORD

1st PRIZE £100—Runners-up £25 CASH

OPEN THIS WEEK ONLY

For result of Xword No. 265, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

CLUES — Answer every clue by entering letter in "entry" column.	5p Entry-fee for 16 cols.	5p	5p	5p
1 WIDE HIGH EXPERT TROUBLE WHEN TROOPS BEGIN TO	M U T E R			
2 LIGHT ONE WOULD NOT APPEAL TO THOSE FOND OF SOLID FARE	D E T			
3 WHEN A MAN FIRST FINDS HIS EYES FAILING, THINGS MAY WELL SEEM	B L U			
4 REALLY OLD MAN WILL RARELY BE SO GOOD IN THIS	C H I R			
5 PEOPLE ARE LIKELY TO HAVE AFFECTION FOR RULER WHO IS	K I N L Y			
6 IT SHOULDN'T SURPRISE PARENTS IF CHILD FOR A TIME GROWS THIS	F A T E R			
7 OCCASIONALLY SELLS HIS OWN VEGETABLES	G R O E R			
8 CAREFUL BOXER WILL HOST, LIKELY LOOK AFTER HIS	C I N			
9 HIKERS SOMETIMES FEEL THEY'D GIVE ALMOST ANYTHING FOR ONE	B I E			
10 SOME FIND A STRANGE JOY IN TALKING ABOUT THEIR POOR	H E A T H			
11 IS SOMETIMES SHEWED UP	C A D Y			
12 PAID LECTURER WHO CAN'T HOLD HIS PUBLIC MAY EXPECT	B O O			
13 SOME MAY FEEL LIKE ONE AFTER BIG, HEAVY MEAL	I G			
14 GOOD RECONNAISSANCE SHOULD PREVENT A COMMANDER BEING	F O L E D			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ..... MONDAY, MARCH 30.

Signed.....

Address.....

(No. 269)

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY (as at foot of column)

With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—see entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. £25 Cash award between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co.,"; write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated April 18, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

£200 for 'BULLETS'

PRIZES Value over

FIRST PRIZE - £50 CASH

Others-£20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/- 20 of 10/- 50 of 2/6 etc. 1000 MERIT AWARDS

FIRST PRIZE WIRE—FRIDAY APR. 10

USE ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE, or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

Result of "Bullets" No. 1,313 appears on page 14

UNITED NATIONS
ALL WE ASK
BOLDLY
STANDS ALONE
OFFENSIVE SPIRIT
MEN AND MACHINES
WHATEVER THE RISK
NEARER AND NEARER
EASY TO UNDERSTAND
WHAT'S LACKING
PUT AN END TO
ARTFUL DODGER
SUFFERING

IN DISGRACE
CASTLE IN THE AIR
HONESTLY
ON THE QUIET
WIFEY'S SPRING-CLEANING, SO
TO SPEED OUR VICTORY
IT MAY TAKE YEARS, BUT

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

LAND OF .....
UNPLEASANT FOR .....
ONE OF THE .....
UNLESS WE .....
DEPENDS ON .....
PUT IN THE .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this Coupon, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value..... Signed.....

No..... Closing Postmark 1,317 NOW..MARS

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,317 or Xword No. 265, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

'Take my case' says Mrs. Harass.

"I can see why they tell us to eat a lot of carrots," says Mrs. Harass, "and all that about using home-grown stuff instead of imported is only common sense. But what's the use of your pretending, just because they happen to be plentiful, that carrots are the most wonderful food that ever was? A boiled carrot is just a boiled carrot, and no news to anyone."

You're wrong, Mrs. Harass; carrots don't "happen" to be plentiful. They are plentiful because of the foresight of the Government and the hard work of the British farmer. And what we say is: carrots are a good, cheap food, you can buy them when green vegetables are short, and you'll find them delicious if you will give boiling them a rest. Here are three of the many other ways of serving them, delicious and simple too.

Potato and Carrot Pancake

Boil together 1½ lbs. potatoes and 1½ lbs. sliced carrots; strain (saving the liquid for soup) and mash well with salt and pepper to taste. Make a little fat very hot in a stout frying-pan, put in the mixture and fry very slowly. It will develop a deliciously crisp crust. Or if you are using the oven, bake to a good brown. Enough for 4.

Braised Carrots and Sausages

Wash and scrape 2 lbs. carrots and slice into rounds ¼" thick. Lightly grill 4 sausages. Then strain off the fat into a stout saucepan with 1 tablespoon cooking fat, 1 bay leaf, 6 peppercorns, and turn in the carrots to cook slowly, with the lid on, for 10 minutes. Now add the sausages, and 1 lb. sliced potatoes, with a pint of vegetable stock or water. Add a pinch of salt and simmer gently till the potatoes are done, about 20 mins. Season and serve. Enough for 4.

Carrots baked round the joint

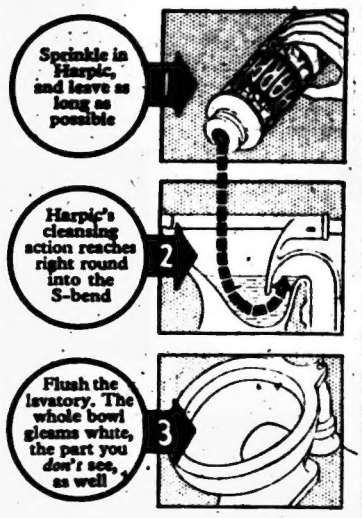
Wash and scrape the carrots. Cut into rings or slices and put them in the baking tin round the joint.

Yes, there are many ways of cooking carrots, Mrs. Harass!

MF Mal

FOOD FACTS No. 81. THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

HARPIC cleans the lavatory easily


Sprinkle in Harpic, and leave as long as possible
1
Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round into the S-bend
2
Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl gleams white, the part you don't see, as well
3

Crowded homes—less time for housework—now is when you appreciate Harpic. Sprinkle it into the lavatory *and leave as long as possible* (last thing at night is a good time). Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white, all discoloration gone. The part you don't see is clean and sanitary too.

* * *

Nothing equals Harpic. Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's thorough cleansing action removes all discoloration, effectively cleans, disinfects and deodorizes the whole of the pan. Get some today!

I Am Writing To Express

MY GRATITUDE

I SHALL NEVER BE WITHOUT YEAST-VITE

Dartford Heath, Kent.
Feb. 9th, 1942.

Dear Sirs,

I am writing to express my gratitude for your wonderful remedy.

For some time past I have suffered from nervous dyspepsia and insomnia, until advised to try Yeast-Vite tablets. I am glad I did so. I have used only half of a 3/3 bottle, and already there is a wonderful improvement in my condition. I can now take food without suffering agony afterwards, and am getting a fair amount of sleep. I intend to persevere with the tablets, and have strong hopes of regaining my normal health.

I shall never be without Yeast-Vite tablets as long as they are obtainable.

(Sgd.) A. M.

P.S.—You may use this letter in any way you choose.

Salford, 7,
Jan. 23rd, 1942.

Dear Sirs,

Just a few lines to say I have been taking your Yeast-Vite tablets, and I am pleased to say they have done me the world of good. I have been taking them for my nerves and appetite.

(Sgd.) Mrs. A. H.

TRYING TO DO TWO JOBS

Reading. Feb. 9th, 1942.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must write and say what a wonderful tonic Yeast-Vite tablets are.

Trying to do two jobs, running a home and in business, I broke down in health six weeks ago. I could not pick up. After two weeks I feel almost fit again, thanks to your wonderful tablets. I would truly recommend them to anyone who is suffering from nerves.

(Sgd.) Mrs. K.

Accept This Offer!

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/4 bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded at once and in full. YEAST-VITE tonic tablets 1/4 and 3/3 including Purchase Tax. Sold Everywhere.

K 338A-757-88 A LEVER PRODUCT

Four hours at a stretch for the Bosun's Mate—middle watch and the cocoa's cold when it gets to him. Enough to make any man swear—and swearing's a privilege he clings to. So when it's time to turn in, he swears by Kolynos to freshen his mouth—always keeps a tube in his locker . . . nothing like KOLYNOS for a clean mouth, white teeth and a sparkling smile. No wonder all the nice girls . . .

British Gold

SMOKING MIXTURE

A mild and exceedingly fragrant mixture, blended from specially picked fine old matured leaf.

Recommended with all confidence for the occasion which demands a more than usually choice and mellow tobacco.

for Sundays

PER 1/5 OZ.

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J.B.L. 290 ★ 297